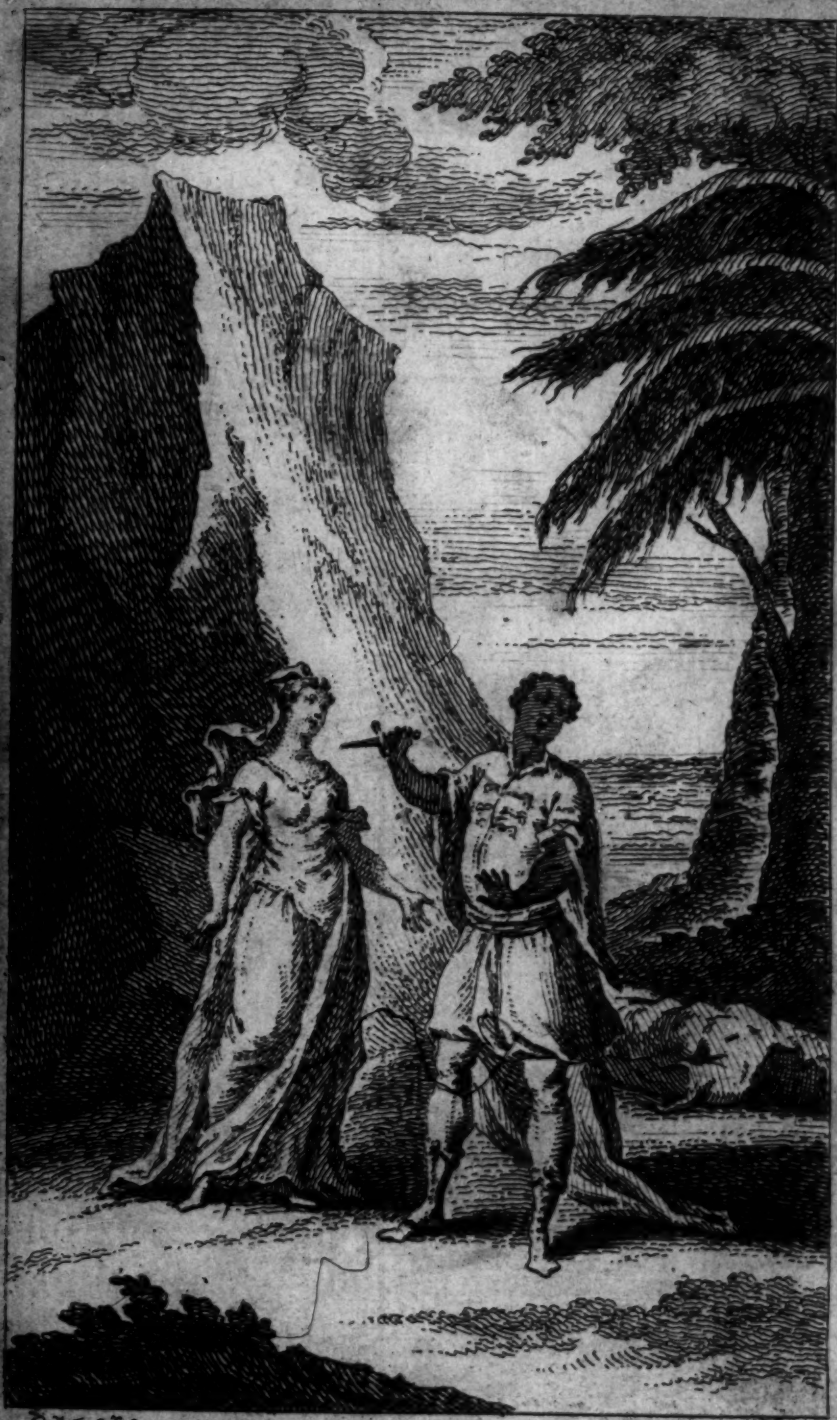


J. Vande Gucht In. & Scul.



J. Vond' Gucht In. & Scul.

OROONOKO.

A

TRAGEDY.

As it was Acted at the

THEATRE-ROYAL,

BY

His MAJESTY'S Servants,
In the Year 1699.

By THO. SOUTHERN.

— Quo fata trahunt, Virtus secura sequetur.

Lucan.

*Virtus recludens immeritis mori
Cælum, negata tentat iter via.*

Hor. Od. 2. Lib. III.

L O N D O N :

Printed for W. FRALES, at Rowe's-Head, over-
against St. Clement's Church in the Strand.

M. DCC. XXXVI.

ORRISON

TRAGEDY

As it was Acted at the

THEATRE ROYAL

BY

His Majesty's Servants
In the Year 1699.

THE SOUTHERN

Lucas

Hos. O. J. J. H. H.

DOWN

ALDO



TO HIS GRACE
WILLIAM
Duke of *Devonshire*, &c.

*Lord Steward of His MAJESTY'S
Household, Knight of the most No-
ble Order of the Garter, and one of
His MAJESTY'S most Honourable
Privy-Council.*

My LORD,



THE best part of the Fortune of
my last Play, (*The Innocent A-
dultery*) was, That it gave me
an Opportunity of making my
self known to Your Grace. You
were pleased to countenance the Advances
which I had been a great while directing
and aiming at You, and have since encour-
aged me into an Industry, which, I hope,
will allow me in this Play to own (which
is the only way I can) the great Obliga-
tions I have to You.

I stand engaged to Mrs. *Behn* for the occasion of a most Passionate Distress in my last Play; and in a Conscience that I had not made her a sufficient Acknowledgment, I have run farther into her debt for *Oroonoko*, with a Design to oblige me to be honest; and that every one may find me out for Ingratitude, when I don't say all that's fit for me upon that Subject. She had a great Command of the Stage; and I have often wonder'd that she would bury her favourite Hero in a *Novel*, when she might have reviv'd him in the *Scene*. She thought either that no Actor could represent him, or she could not bear him represented: And I believe the last, when I remember what I have heard from a Friend of hers, That she always told the Story more feelingly, than she writ it. Whatever has happen'd to him at *Surinam*, he has mended his Condition in *England*. He was born here under Your Grace's Influence; and that has carried his Fortune farther into the World, than all the Poetical Stars that I could have solicited for his Success. It was your Opinion, *My Lord*, that directed me to Mr. *Verbruggen*; and it was his Care to maintain Your Opinion, that directed the Town to me, the better part of it, the People of Quality; whose Favours as I
am

The Epistle Dedicatory. vii

am proud of, I shall always be industrious to preserve.

My Lord, I know the Respect and Reverence which in this Address I ought to appear in before You, who are so intimate with the Antients, so general a Knower of the several Species of Poetry, and so just a Judge in the Trials of this kind. You have an absolute Power to *Arraign* and *Convict*, but a prevailing Inclination to *Pardon* and *Save*; and from the Humanity of Your Temper, and the true Knowledge of the Difficulties of succeeding this way, never aggravate or insist upon Faults,

—*Quas aut incuria fudit,
Aut humana parum cavit Natura—*

HOR. ART. POET.

to our Condemnation, where they are Venial, and not against the Principles of the Art we pretend to. *Horace*, who found it so, says,

—*Gratia Regum
Pierijs tentata modis.*

The Favour of Great Men is the Poets Inheritance, and all Ages have allow'd 'em to put in their Claim; I only wish that I had Merit enough to prefer me to your Grace: That I might deserve in some measure

viii *The Epistle Dedicatory.*

sure that Patronage which You are pleased to bestow on me: That I were a *Horace* for such a *Mæcenæ*: That I could describe what I admire; and tell the World what I really think, That as You possess those infinite Advantages of Nature and Fortune in so eminent a degree; that as You so far excel in the Perfections of Body and Mind, You were designed and fashioned a Prince, to be the Honour of the Nation, and the Grace and Ornament of the Court. Sir, In the Fulness of Happiness and Blessings which You enjoy, I can only bring in my Wishes for the Continuance of them; they shall constantly be devoted to you, with all the Services of,


My LORD,

Your Grace's most Obliged,

most Thankful, and

most Humble Servant,

T. Southern.



PROLOGUE,

Sent by an Unknown Hand ;
And Spoken by Mr. POWELL.

AS when in Hostile Times two neighbouring States
Strive by themselves, and their Confederates ;
The War at first is made with awkward Skill,
And Soldiers clumsily each other kill,
'Till Time at length their untaught Fury tames,
And into Rules their heedless Rage reclaims:
Then every Science by degrees is made
Subservient to the Man-destroying Trade :
Wit, Wisdom, Reading, Observation, Art ;
A well-turn'd Head to guide a generous Heart.
So it may prove with our contending Stages,
If you will kindly but supply their Wages :
Which you with ease may furnish, by retrenching
Your Superfluities of Wine and Wenching.
Who'd grudge to spare from Riot and hard Drinking,
To lay it out on means to mend his Thinking ?
To follow such Advice you should have leisure,
Since what refines your Sense, refines your Pleasure:
Women grown tame by Use each Fool can get,
But Cuckolds all are made by Men of Wit.
To Virgin Favours Fools have no Pretence ;
For Maidenheads were made for Men of Sense.
'Tis not enough to have a Horse well bred,
To shew his Mettle, he must be well fed :
Nor is it all in Provender and Breed,
He must be try'd and strain'd to mend his Speed.
A favour'd Poet, like a pamper'd Horse,
Will strain his Eye-Balls out to win the Course.
Do you but in your Wisdoms vote it fit
To yield due Succours to this War of Wit,

The

*The Buskin with more Grace should tread the Stage,
 Love sigh in softer Strains, Heroes less rage;
 Satire shall show a Triple Row of Teeth,
 And Comedy shall laugh your Fops to death:
 Wit shall refine, and Pegasus shall foam,
 And soar in search of Antient Greece and Rome.
 And since the Nation's in the Conquering Fit,
 As you by Arms, we'll vanquish France in Wit:
 The Work were over, cou'd our Poets write
 With half the Spirit that our Soldiers fight.*

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

*Oroonoko,
 Aboan,
 Lieutenant-Governour of Surinam,
 Blanford,
 Stanmore,
 Jack Stanmore,
 Capt. Driver,
 Daniel, Son to Widow Lackitt,
 Hotman,*

*Mr. Verbruggen.
 Mr. Powel.
 Mr. Williams.
 Mr. Harland.
 Mr. Horden.
 Mr. Mills.
 Mr. B. Johnson.
 Mr. M. Lee.
 Mr. Sympson.*

W O M E N.

*Imoinda,
 Widow Lackitt,
 Charlot Welldon, in Man's Clothes,
 Lucy Welldon,*

*Mrs. Rogers.
 Mrs. Knight.
 Mrs. Verbruggen.
 Mrs. Lucas.*

Planters, Indians, Negroes, Men, Women and Children.

The SCENE Surinam, a Colony in the West-Indies, at the Time of the Action of this Tragedy, in the Possession of the English.

O R O O.



O R O O N O K O.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter *Welldon* following *Lucia*.

LUCIA.



WHAT will this come to? What can it end in? You have persuaded me to leave dear *England*, and dearer *London*, the Place of the World most worth living in, to follow you a Husband-hunting into *America*: I thought *Husbands* grew in these *Plantations*.

Well. Why so they do, as thick as *Oranges*, ripening one under another. Week after Week they drop into some Woman's Mouth: 'Tis but a little *Patience*, spreading your *Apron* in expectation, and one of 'em will fall into your *Lap* at last.

Luc. Ay, so you say indeed.

Well. But you have left dear *London*, you say: Pray what have you left in *London* that was very dear to you, that had not left you before?

Luc. Speak for your self, *Sister*.

Well.

Well. Nay, I'll keep you in countenance. The young Fellows, you know, the dearest Part of the Town, and without whom *London* had been a Wilderness to you and me, had forsaken us a great while.

Luc. Forsaken us! I don't know that they ever had us.

Well. Forsaken us the worst way, Child; that is, did not think us worth having; they neglected us, no longer design'd upon us, they were tir'd of us. Women in *London* are like the Rich Silks, they are out of Fashion a great while before they wear out—

Luc. The Devil take the Fashion, I say.

Well. You may fumble 'em over and over at their first coming up, and never disparage their Price; but they fall upon wearing immediately, lower and lower in their value, 'till they come to the Broker at last.

Luc. Ay, ay, that's the Merchant they deal with. The Men would have us at their own scandalous Rates: Their Plenty makes them wanton, and in a little time, I suppose, they won't know what they would have of the Women themselves.

Well. O yes, they know what they would have. They would have a Woman give the Town a Pattern of her Person and Beauty, and not stay in it so long to have the whole Piece worn out. They would have the good Face only discover'd, and not the Folly that commonly goes along with it. They say there is a vast Stock of Beauty in the Nation, but a great Part of it lies in unprofitable Hands; therefore for the good of the Publick, they would have a Draught made once a Quarter, send the decaying Beauties for Breeders into the Country, to make room for new Faces to appear, to countenance the Pleasures of the Town.

Luc. 'Tis very hard, the Men must be young as long as they live, and poor Women be thought decaying and unfit for the Town at one or two and twenty. I'm sure we were not seven Years in *London*.

Well. Not had the time taken notice of, Sister. The two or three last Years we could make nothing of it, even in a Vizard-Mask; not in a Vizard-Mask, that has cheated many a Man into an old Acquaintance. Our Faces began

began to be as familiar to the Men of Intrigue, as their Duns, and as much avoided. We durst not appear in publick Places, and were almost grudg'd a Gallery in the Churches: Even there they had their Jest upon us, and cry'd, She's in the right on't, good Gentlewoman, since no Man considers her Body, she does very well indeed to take care of her Soul.

Luc. Such unmannerly Fellows there will always be.

Well. Then you may remember, we were reduc'd to the last Necessity, the Necessity of making silly Visits to our civil Acquaintance, to bring us into tolerable Company. Nay, the young Inns-of-Court Beaus, of but one Term's standing in the Fashion, who knew no body, but as they were shewn 'em by the Orange-Women, had Nicknames for us: How often have they laughed out, There goes my Landlady; is not she come to let Lodgings yet?

Luc. Young Coxcombs that knew no better.

Well. And that we must have come up to. For your Part, what Trade could you set up in? You wou'd never arrive at the Trust and Credit of a Guinea-Baud: You would have too much Business of your own, ever to mind other People's.

Luc. That is true indeed.

Well. Then, as a certain Sign that there was nothing more to be hop'd for, the Maids at the Chocolate-Houses found us out, and laugh'd at us: Our *Billet-doux* lay there neglected for Waste-Paper: We were cry'd down so low, we could not pass upon the City; and became so notorious in our galloping Way, from one end of the Town to t'other, that at last we could hardly compass a competent change of Petticoats to disguise us to the Hackney-Coachmen: And then it was near walking a-foot indeed.

Luc. Nay, that I began to be afraid of.

Well. To prevent which, with what Youth and Beauty was left, some Experience, and the small Remainder of fifteen hundred Pounds apiece, which amounted to bare two hundred between us both, I persuaded you to bring your Person for a Venture to the *Indies*. Every thing has

B

succeeded

succeeded in our Voyage: I pass for your Brother: One of the richest Planters here happening to die just as we landed, I have claimed Kindred with him: So, without making his Will, he has left us the Credit of his Relation to trade upon: We pass for his Cousins, coming here to *Surinam* chiefly upon his Invitation: We live in Reputation; have the best Acquaintance of the Place; and we shall see our Account in't, I warrant you.

Luc. I must rely upon you—

Enter Widow Lackitt.

Wid. Mr. *Welldon*, your Servant. Your Servant, Mrs. *Lucy*, I am an ill Visiter, but 'tis not too late, I hope, to bid you welcome to this side of the World. [*Salutes Lucy.*

Well. Gad so, I beg your Pardon, Widow, I should have done the Civilities of my House before: But, as you say, 'tis not too late I hope— [*Going to kiss her.*

Wid. What! you think now this was a civil way of begging a Kiss; and by my Troth, if it were, I see no harm in't; 'tis a pitiful Favour indeed that is not worth asking for: Tho' I have known a Woman speak plainer before now, and not understood neither.

Well. Not under my Roof. Have at you, Widow—

Wid. Why, that's well said, spoke like a younger Brother, that deserves to have a Widow— [*He kisses her.* You're a younger Brother, I know, by your kissing.

Well. How so, pray?

Wid. Why, you kiss as if you expected to be paid for't. You have Birdlime upon your Lips. You stick so close, there's no getting rid of you.

Well. I am a-kin to a younger Brother.

Wid. So much the better: We Widows are commonly the better for younger Brothers.

Luc. Better, or worse, most of you. But you won't be much better for him, I can tell you— [*Aside.*

Well. I was a younger Brother; but an Uncle of my Mother's has maliciously left me an Estate, and, I'm afraid, spoil'd my Fortune.

Wid. No, no; an Estate will never spoil your Fortune, I have a good Estate my self, thank Heaven, and a kind Husband that left it behind him.

Well.

Well. Thank Heav'n, that took him away from it, Widow, and left you behind him.

Wid. Nay, Heaven's Will must be done; he's in a better Place.

Well. A better Place for you, no doubt on't: Now you may look about you; chuse for your self, Mrs. Lackitt, that's your Business; for I know you design to marry again.

Wid. O dear! Not I, I protest and swear; I don't design it: but I won't swear neither; one does not know what may happen to tempt one.

Well. Why, a lusty young Fellow may happen to tempt you.

Wid. Nay, I'll do nothing rashly; I'll resolve against nothing. The Devil, they say, is very busy upon these occasions, especially with the Widows. But if I am to be tempted, it must be with a young Man, I promise you—Mrs. Lucy, your Brother is a very pleasant Gentleman: I came about Business to him, but he turns every thing in Merriment.

Well. Business, Mrs. Lackitt. Then, I know, you wou'd have me to your self. Pray leave us together, Sister.

What am I drawing upon my self here? [Exit Lucia.]

Wid. You have taken a very pretty House here; every thing so neat about you already. I hear you are laying out for a Plantation.

Well. Why, yes truly, I like the Country, and wou'd buy a Plantation, if I could reasonably.

Wid. O! by all means reasonably.

Well. If I could have one to my mind, I would think of settling among you.

Wid. O! you can't do better. Indeed we can't pretend to have so good Company for you, as you had in England; but we shall make very much of you. For my own part, I assure you, I shall think my self very happy to be more particularly known to you.

Well. Dear Mrs. Lackitt, you do me too much Honour.

Wid. Then as to a Plantation, Mr. Wellton, you know I have several to dispose of. Mr. Lackitt, I thank him.

has left, tho' I say it, the richest Widow upon the Place; therefore I may afford to use you better than other People can. You shall have one upon any reasonable Terms.

Well. That's a fair Offer indeed.

Wid. You shall find me as easy as any body you can have to do with, I assure you. Pray try me, I would have you try me, Mr. *Welldon*. Well I like that Name of yours exceedingly, Mr. *Welldon*.

Well. My Name!

Wid. O exceedingly! If any thing could persuade me to alter my own Name, I verily believe nothing in the World would do it so soon, as to be called Mrs. *Welldon*.

Well. Why, indeed *Welldon* does sound something better than *Lackitt*.

Wid. O! a great deal better. Not that there is so much in the Name neither: But I don't know, there is something; I should like mightily to be called Mrs. *Welldon*.

Well. I'm glad you like my Name.

Wid. Of all things. But then there's the Misfortune, one can't change one's Name, without changing one's Condition.

Well. You'll hardly think it worth that, I believe.

Wid. Think it worth what, Sir? changing my Condition! Indeed, Sir, I think it worth every thing. But, alas! Mr. *Welldon*, I have been a Widow but six Weeks; 'tis too soon to think of changing one's Condition yet; indeed it is; Pray don't desire it of me: Not but that you may persuade me to any thing, sooner than any Person in the World—

Well. Who, I, Mrs. *Lackitt*?

Wid. Indeed you may, Mr. *Welldon*, sooner than any Man living. Lord, there's a great deal in saving a Decency: I never minded it before: Well, I am glad you spoke first to excuse my Modesty. But what, Modesty means nothing, and is the Virtue of a Girl, that does not know what she would be at: A Widow should be wiser. Now I will own to you; but I won't confess neither; I have had a great Respect for you a great while. I beg your Pardon, Sir, and I must declare to you, indeed I must, if you desire to dispose of all I have in the World, in an honourable

honourable Way, which I don't pretend to be any way deserving your Consideration, my Fortune and Person, if you won't understand me without telling you so, are both at your Service. Gad so! another time——

Enter Stanmore to them.

Stan. So, Mrs. Lackitt, your Widowhood is weaning apace. I see which way 'tis going. *Welldon*, you're a happy Man. The Women and their Favours come home to you.

Wid. A fiddle of Favour, Mr. *Stanmore*: I am a lone Woman, you know it, left in a great deal of Business, and Business must be follow'd or lost. I have several Stocks and Plantations upon my Hands, and other Things to dispose of, which Mr. *Welldon* may have occasion for.

Well. We were just upon the brink of a Bargain, as you came in.

Stan. Let me drive it on for you.

Well. So you must, I believe, you or somebody for me.

Stan. I'll stand by you: I understand more of this Business than you can pretend to.

Well. I don't pretend to it; 'tis quite out of my way indeed.

Stan. If the Widow gets you to her self, she will certainly be too hard for you: I know her of old: She has no Conscience in a Corner; a very Jew in a Bargain, and would circumcise you to get more of you.

Well. Is this true, Widow?

Wid. Speak as you find, Mr. *Welldon*: I have offer'd you very fair: Think upon't, and let me hear of you: The sooner the better, Mr. *Welldon*——

[*Exit.*]

Stan. I assure you, my Friend, she'll cheat you if she can.

Well. I don't know that; but I can cheat her, if I will.

Stan. Cheat her! How?

Well. I can marry her; and then I'm sure I have it in my Power to cheat her.

Stan. Can you marry her?

Well. Yes, faith, so she says: Her pretty Person and Fortune (which, one with the other, you know, are not contemptible) are both at my service.

Stan. Contemptible! very considerable, I'gad; very desirable: Why, she's worth ten thousand Pounds, Man; a clear Estate: No charge upon't, but a boobily Son: He indeed was to have half; but his Father begot him, and she breeds him up, not to know or have more than she has a mind to: and she has a mind to something else, it seems.

Well. There's a great deal to be made of this——
[*Musing.*]

Stan. A handsome Fortune may be made on't; and I advise you to't, by all means.

Well. To marry her! an old wanton Witch! I hate her.

Stan. No matter for that: Let her go to the Devil for you. She'll cheat her Son of a good Estate for you; That's a Perquisite of a Widow's Portion always.

Well. I have a Design, and will follow her at least, 'till I have a Pennyworth of the Plantation.

Stan. I speak as a Friend, when I advise you to marry her: For 'tis directly against the Interest of my own Family. My Cousin *Jack* has belabour'd her a good while that way.

Well. What! honest *Jack*! I'll not hinder him. I'll give over the Thoughts of her.

Stan. He'll make nothing on't; she does not care for him. I'm glad you have her in your Power.

Well. I may be able to serve him.

Stan. Here's a Ship come into the River; I was in hopes it had been from *England*.

Well. From *England*!

Stan. No, I was disappointed; I long to see this handsome Cousin of yours: The Picture you gave me of her has charm'd me.

Well. You'll see whether it has flatter'd her or no, in a little time. If she recover'd of that Illness, that was the reason of her staying behind us; I know she will come with the first Opportunity. We shall see her, or hear of her Death.

Stan. We'll hope the best. The Ships from *England* are expected every Day.

Well. What Ship is this?

Stan.

Stan. A Rover, a Buccaneer, a Trader in Slaves: That's the Commodity we deal in, you know. If you have a Curiosity to see our manner of marketing, I'll wait upon you.

Well. We'll take my Sister with us.— [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E ; *An open Place.*

Enter Lieutenant-Governour, and Blandford.

Gov. There's no resisting your Fortune, *Blandford*; you draw all the Prizes.

Blan. I draw for our Lord Governour, you know; his Fortune favours me.

Gov. I grudge him nothing this time; but if Fortune had favour'd me in the last Sale, the fair Slave had been mine; *Clemene* had been mine.

Blan. Are you still in love with her?

Gov. Every Day more in love with her.

Eater Capt. Driver, teaz'd and pull'd about by Widow Lackitt and several Planters. Enter at another Door Welldon, Lucia, Stanmore.

Wid. Here have I fix Slaves in my Lot, and not a Man among 'em; all Women and Children; what can I do with 'em, Captain? Pray consider, I am a Woman my self, and can't get my own Slaves, as some of my Neighbours do.

1 *Plan.* I have all Men in mine: Pray, Captain, let the Men and Women be mingled together, for Procreation sake, and the good of the Plantation.

2 *Plan.* Ay, ay, a Man and a Woman, Captain, for the good of the Plantation.

Capt. Let 'em mingle together and be damn'd, what care I? Would you have me pimp for the good of the Plantation?

1 *Plan.* I am a constant Customer, Captain.

Wid. I am always ready Money to you, Captain.

1 *Plan.* For that matter, Mistress, my Money is as ready as yours.

Wid. Pray hear me, Captain.

Capt.

Capt. Look you, I have done my part by you; I have brought the number of Slaves you bargain'd for; if your Lots have not pleas'd you, you must draw again among your selves.

3 *Plan.* I am contented with my Lot.

4 *Plan.* I am very well satisfy'd.

3 *Plan.* We'll have no drawing again.

Capt. Do you hear, Mistress? you may hold your Tongue: For my part, I expect my Money.

Wid. Captain, no body questions or scruples the Payment: But I won't hold my Tongue; 'tis too much to pray and pay too: One may speak for one's own, I hope.

Capt. Well, what would you say?

Wid. I say no more than I can make out.

Capt. Out with it then.

Wid. I say, Things have not been so fair carried as they might have been. How do I know but you have juggled together in my Absence? You drew the Lots before I came, I'm sure.

Capt. That's your own fault, Mistress: You might have come sooner.

Wid. Then here's a Prince, as they say, among the Slaves, and you set him down to go as a common Man.

Capt. Have you a mind to try what a Man he is? You'll find him no more than a common Man at your Business.

Wid. Sir, you're a scurvy Fellow to talk at this rate to me. If my Husband were alive, Gadsbodykins, you wou'd not use me so.

Capt. Right, Mistress, I wou'd not use you at all.

Wid. Not use me! your Betters every Inch of you, I would have you to know, wou'd be glad to use me, Sirrah. Marry come up here, who are you, I trow? You begin to think your self a Captain, forsooth, because we call you so. You forget your self as fast as you can; but I remember you; I know you for a pitiful paltry Fellow, as you are; an Upstart to Prosperity; one that is but just come acquainted with Cleanliness, and that never saw five Shillings of your own, without deserv'g to be hang'd for 'em.

Gov.

Gov. She has given you a Broadside, Captain; you'll stand up to her.

Capt. Hang her, Stink-pot, I'll come no nearer.

Wid. By this good Light it would make a Woman do a thing she never design'd; marry again, tho' she were sure to repent it, to be revenged of such a —

J. Stan. What's the matter, Mrs. Lackitt? Can I serve you?

Wid. No, no, you can't serve me: You are for serving your self, I'm sure. Pray go about your Business, I have none for you: You know I have told you so. Lord! how can you be so troublesome? nay, so unconscionable, to think that every rich Widow must throw her self away upon a young Fellow that has nothing?

Stan. Jack, you are answer'd, I suppose.

J. Stan. I'll have another pluck at her.

Wid. Mr. Welldon, I am a little out of order; but pray bring your Sister to dine with me. Gad's my life, I'm out of all Patience with that pitiful Fellow: my Flesh rises at him; I can't stay in the place where he is — [Exit.

Blan. Captain, you have used the Widow very familiarly.

Capt. This is my way; I have no Design, and therefore am not over civil. If she had ever a handsome Daughter to wheedle her out of; or if I could make any thing of her Booby Son.

Well. I may improve that Hint, and make something of him. [Aside.

Gov. She's very rich.

Capt. I'm rich my self. She has nothing that I want: I have no Leaks to stop. Old Women are Fortune-Menders. I have made a good Voyage, and would reap the Fruits of my Labour. We plow the Deep, my Masters, but our Harvest is on Shore. I'm for a young Woman.

Stan. Look about, Captain, there's one ripe, and ready for the Sickle.

Capt. A Woman indeed! I will be acquainted with her: Who is she?

Well. My Sister, Sir.

Capt.

Capt. Wou'd I were a-kin to her: If she were my Sister, she should never go out of the Family. What say you, Mistress? You expect I should marry you, I suppose.

Luc. I shan't be disappointed, if you don't. [*Turning away.*]

Well. She won't break her Heart, Sir. [*Following her.*]

Capt. But I mean —

Well. And I mean — [*Going between him and Lucia.*]

That you must not think of her without marrying.

Capt. I mean so too.

Well. Why then your Meaning's out.

Capt. You're very short.

Well. I will grow, and be taller for you.

Capt. I shall grow angry and swear.

Well. You'll catch no Fish then.

Capt. I don't well know whether he designs to affront me, or no.

Stan. No, no, he's a little familiar; 'tis his way.

Capt. Say you so? nay, I can be as familiar as he, if that be it. Well, Sir, look upon me full: What say you? How do you like me for a Brother-in-law?

Well. Why yes, faith, you'll do my Business, [*Turning him about*] if we can agree about my Sister's.

Capt. I don't know whether your Sister will like me, or not: I can't say much to her: But I have Money enough: And if you are her Brother, as you seem to be a-kin to her, I know that will recommend me to you.

Well. This is your Market for Slaves; my Sister is a Free Woman, and must not be disposed of in publick. You shall be welcome to my House, if you please; And, upon better Acquaintance, if my Sister likes you, and I like your Offers. —

Capt. Very well, Sir, I'll come and see her.

Gov. Where are the Slaves, Captain? They are long a coming.

Blan. And who is this Prince that's fallen to my Lot, for the Lord-Governour? Let me know something of him, that I may treat him accordingly; who is he?

Capt. He's the Devil of a Fellow, I can tell you; a Prince every Inch of him: You have paid dear enough for him, for all the good he'll do you: I was forc'd to clap him

him in Irons, and did not think the Ship safe neither. You are in Hostility with the *Indians*, they say; they threaten you daily: You had best have an eye upon him.

Blan. But who is he?

Gov. And how do you know him to be a Prince?

Capt. He is Son and Heir to the great King of *Angola*, a mischievous Monarch in those Parts, who, by his good will, would never let any of his Neighbours be in quiet. This Son was his General, a plaguy fighting Fellow: I have formerly had Dealings with him for Slaves, which he took Prisoners, and have got pretty roundly by him. But the Wars being at an end, and nothing more to be got by the Trade of that Country, I made bold to bring the Prince along with me.

Gov. How could you do that?

Blan. What! steal a Prince out of his own Country? Impossible!

Capt. 'Twas hard indeed; but I did it. You must know this *Oroonoko*——

Blan. Is that his Name?

Capt. Ay, *Oroonoko*.

Gov. *Oroonoko*.

Capt. Is naturally inquisitive about the Men and Manners of the White Nations. Because I could give him some account of the other Parts of the World, I grew very much into his Favour: In return of so great an Honour, you know I could do no less upon my coming away, than invite him on board me: Never having been in a Ship, he appointed his time, and I prepared my Entertainment: He came the next Evening as privately as he could, with about some twenty along with him. The Punch went round; and as many of his Attendants as wou'd be dangerous, I sent dead drunk on Shore; the rest we secured: And so you have the Prince *Oroonoko*.

1 *Plan.* Gad a-mercy, Captain, there you were with him, i'faith.

2 *Plan.* Such Men as you are fit to be employ'd in publick Affairs: The Plantation will thrive by you.

3 *Plan.* Industry ought to be encouraged.

Capt.

Capt. There's nothing done without it, Boys. I have made my Fortune this way.

Blan. Unheard of Villany!

Stan. Barbarous Treachery!

Blan. They applaud him for't.

Gov. But, Captain, methinks you have taken a great deal of Pains for this Prince *Oroonoko*; why did you part with him at the common Rate of Slaves?

Capt. Why, Lieutenant-Governour, I'll tell you; I did design to carry him to *England*, to have show'd him there; but I found him troublesome upon my Hands, and I'm glad I'm rid of him—Oh, ho, heark they come.

Black Slaves, Men, Women and Children, pass across the Stage by two and two; Aboan, and others of Oroonoko's Attendants, two and two: Oroonoko last of all in Chains.

Luc. Are all these Wretches Slaves?

Stan. All sold, they and their Posterity, all Slaves.

Luc. O miserable Fortune!

Blan. Most of 'em know no better! they were born so, and only change their Masters. But a Prince born only to command, betray'd and sold! my Heart drops Blood for him.

Capt. Now, Governour, here he comes, pray observe him.

Oro. So, Sir, you have kept your Word with me.

Capt. I am a better Christian, I thank you, than to keep it with a Heathen.

Oro. You are a Christian, be a Christian still:

If you have any God that teaches you

To break your Word, I need not curse you more:

Let him cheat you, as you are false to me.

You faithful Followers of my better Fortune,

We have been Fellow-Soldiers in the Field;

[Embracing his Friends.]

Now we are Fellow-Slaves. This last Farewel,

Be sure of one thing that will comfort us,

Whatever World we next are thrown upon

Cannot be worse than this.

[All Slaves go off but Oroonoko.]

Capt.

Capt. You see what a bloody Pagan he is, Governor ; but I took care that none of his Followers should be in the same Lot with him, for fear they should undertake some desperate Action, to the Danger of the Colony.

Oro. Live still in fear ; it is the Villain's Curse, And will revenge my Chains: Fear even me, Who have no Power to hurt thee. Nature abhors, And drives thee out from the Society And Commerce of Mankind, for Breach of Faith. Men live and prosper but in mutual Trust, A Confidence of one another's Truth: That thou hast violated. I have done, I know my Fortune, and submit to it.

Gov. Sir, I am sorry for your Fortune, and would help it, if I could.

Blan. Take off his Chains. You know your Condition ; but you are fallen into honourable Hands: You are the Lord Governor's Slave, who will use you nobly: In his absence it shall be my Care to serve you.

[Blandford applying to him.]

Oro. I hear you, but I can believe no more.

Gov. Captain, I'm afraid the World won't speak so honourably of this Action of yours, as you would have 'em.

Capt. I have the Money. Let the World speak and be damn'd, I care not.

Oro. I would forget my self. Be satisfied. *[To Blan.]* I am above the Rank of common Slaves.

Let that content you. The Christian there, that knows me, For his own sake will not discover more.

Capt. I have other Matters to mind. You have him, and much good may do you with your Prince. *[Exit.]*

The Planters pulling and staring at Oroonoko.

Blan. What would you have there? You stare as if you never saw a Man before. Stand farther off.

[Turns 'em away.]

Oro. Let 'em stare on.

I am unfortunate, but not ashamed

Of being so: No, let the Guilty blush,

The White Man that betray'd me: Honest Black

Disdains to change its Colour. I am ready:

Where

Where must I go? Dispose me as you please.
I am not well acquainted with my Fortune;
But must learn to know it better: So I know, you say,
Degrees make all things easy.

Blan. All things shall be easy.

Oro. Tear off this Pomp, and let me know my self:
The slavish Habit best becomes me now.
Hard Fare, and Whips, and Chains may overpower
The frailer Flesh, and bow my Body down:
But there's another, nobler Part of me,
Out of your Reach, which you can never tame.

Blan. You shall find nothing of this Wretchedness
You apprehend. We are not Monsters all.
You seem unwilling to disclose your self:
Therefore, for fear the mentioning your Name
Should give you new Disquiets, I presume
To call you *Cesar*.

Oro. I am my self; but call me what you please.

Stan. A very good Name, *Cesar*.

Gov. And very fit for his Character.

Oro. Was *Cesar* then a Slave?

Gov. I think he was; to Pirates too: He was a great
Conqueror, but unfortunate in his Friends——

Oro. His Friends were Christians?

Blan. No.

Oro. No! that's strange.

Gov. And murder'd by 'em.

Oro. I would be *Cesar* then. Yet I will live.

Blan. Live to be happier.

Oro. Do what you will with me.

Blan. I'll wait upon you, attend, and serve you.

[Exit with Oróonoko.]

Luc. Well, if the Captain had brought this Prince's
Country along with him, and would make me Queen of
it, I would not have him, after doing so base a thing.

Well. He's a Man to thrive in the World, Sister: He'll
make you the better Jointure.

Luc. Hang him, nothing can prosper with him.

Stan. Enquire into the great Estates, and you will find
most of 'em depend upon the same Title of Honesty:

The

The Men who raise 'em first are much of the Captain's Principles.

Well. Ay, ay, as you say, let him be damn'd for the good of his Family. Come, Sister, we are invited to Dinner.

Gov. Stanmore, you dine with me.

[*Exeunt.*]



ACT II. SCENE I.

SCENE *Widow Lackitt's House.*

Enter Widow Lackitt and Welldon.

Well. **T**HIS is so great a Favour, I don't know how to receive it.

Wid. O dear Sir! you know how to receive, and how to return, a Favour, as well as any body, I don't doubt it: 'Tis not the first you have had from our Sex, I suppose.

Well. But this is so unexpected.

Wid. Lord, how can you say so, Mr. *Welldon*! I won't believe you. Don't I know you handsome Gentlemen expect every thing that a Woman can do for you? And by my troth you're in the right on't: I think one can't do too much for a handsome Gentleman; and so you shall find it.

Well. I shall never have such an Offer again, that's certain: What shall I do? I am mightily divided —

[*Pretending a Concern.*]

Wid. Divided! O dear, I hope not so, Sir: If I marry, truly I expect to have you to my self.

Well. There's no danger of that, Mrs. *Lackitt*. I am divided in my Thoughts: My Father upon his Death-bed obliged me to see my Sister disposed of, before I married my self. 'Tis that sticks upon me. They say indeed Promises are to be broken or kept; and I know 'tis a

foolish thing to be tied to a Promise; but I can't help it. I don't know how to get rid of it.

Wid. Is that all?

Well. All in all to me. The Commands of a dying Father, you know, ought to be obey'd.

Wid. And so they may.

Well. Impossible, to do me any good.

Wid. They shan't be your Hinderance. You wou'd have a Husband for your Sister, you say: He must be very well to pass too in the World, I suppose?

Well. I would not throw her away.

Wid. Then marry her out of hand to the Sea-Captain you were speaking of.

Well. I was thinking of him, but 'tis to no purpose; she hates him.

Wid. Does she hate him? Nay, 'tis no matter, an impudent Rascal as he is, I would not advise her to marry him.

Well. Can you think of no body else?

Wid. Let me see.

Well. Ay, pray do: I should be loth to part with my good Fortune in you for so small a matter as a Sister: But you find how it is with me.

Wid. Well remember'd, i'faith: Well, if I thought you would like of it, I have a Husband for her; What do you think of my Son?

Well. You don't think of it your self.

Wid. I protest but I do: I am in earnest, if you are: He shall marry her within this half hour, if you'll give your Consent to it.

Well. I give my Consent! I'll answer for my Sister, she shall have him: You may be sure I shall be glad to get over the Difficulty.

Wid. No more to be said then, that Difficulty is over: But I vow and swear you frighten'd me, Mr. *Welldon*. If I had not had a Son now for your Sister, what must I have done, do you think? Were not you an ill-natur'd Thing to boggle at a Promise? I could break twenty for you.

Well. I am the more oblig'd to you: But this Son will save all.

Wid.

Wid. He's in the House; I'll go and bring him my self. [*Going.*] You would do well to break the Business to your Sister: She's within, I'll send her to you —

[*Going again, comes back.*]

Well. Pray do.

Wid. But d'you hear? Perhaps she may stand upon her maidenly Behaviour, and blush, and play the Fool, and delay: But don't be answer'd so: What! she is not a Girl at these Years: Shew your Authority, and tell her roundly, she must be married immediately. I'll manage my Son, I warrant you —

[*Goes out in haste.*]

Well. The Widow's in haste, I see: I thought I had laid a rub in the Road, about my Sister: But she has stept over that. She's making way for her self as fast as she can; but little thinks where she is going: I could tell her she is going to play the Fool: But People don't love to hear of their Faults: Besides, that is not my Business at present. •

Enter Lucia.

So Sister, I have a Husband for you —

Luc. With all my Heart: I don't know what Confinement Marriage may be to the Men, but I'm sure the Women have no Liberty without it. I am for any thing that will deliver me from the Care of a Reputation, which I begin to find impossible to preserve.

Well. I'll ease you of that Care: You must be married immediately.

Luc. The sooner the better; for I am quite tir'd of setting up for a Husband: The Widow's foolish Son is the Man, I suppose.

Well. I consider'd your Constitution, Sister; and finding you would have occasion for a Fool, I have provided accordingly.

Luc. I don't know what occasion I may have for a Fool when I'm married: But I find none but Fools have occasion to marry.

Well. Since he is to be a Fool then, I thought it better for you to have one of his Mother's making than your own; 'twill save you the trouble.

Luc. I thank you ; you take a great deal of Pains for me : But, pray tell me, what are you doing for your self all this while?

Well. You were never true to your own Secrets, and therefore I won't trust you with mine. Only remember this, I am your elder Sister, and consequently, laying my Breeches aside, have as much occasion for a Husband as you can have. I have a Man in my Eye, be satisfy'd.

Enter Widow Lackitt, with her Son Daniel.

Wid. Come, *Daniel*, hold up thy Head, Child: Look like a Man: You must not take it as you have done. Gad's my Life! there's nothing to be done with twirling your Hat, Man.

Dan. Why, Mother, what's to be done then?

Wid. Why look me in the Face, and mind what I say to you.

Dan. Marry, who's the Fool then? What shall I get by minding what you say to me?

Wid. Mrs. *Lucy*, the Boy is bashful, don't discourage him: Pray come a little forward, and let him salute you.

[Going between Lucy and Daniel.]

Luc. A fine Husband I am to have truly. *[To Wellton.]*

Wid. Come, *Daniel*, you must be acquainted with this Gentlewoman.

Dan. Nay, I'm not proud, that is not my Fault: I am presently acquainted when I know the Company: but this Gentlewoman is a Stranger to me.

Wid. She is your Mistress, I have spoke a good Word for you; make her a Bow, and go and kiss her.

Dan. Kiss her! have a care what you say; I warrant she scorns your Words. Such fine Folk are not us'd to be slopt and kiss'd. Do you think I don't know that, Mother?

Wid. Try her, try her, Man. *[Daniel bows, she thrusts him forward.]* Why that's well done; go nearer her.

Dan. Is the Devil in the Woman? Why so I can go nearer her, if you would let a Body alone. *[To his Mother.]* Cry you mercy, forsooth; my Mother is always shaming one before Company: She would have me, as unmanly as her self, and offer to kiss you.

[To Lucia.]
Well.

Well. Why, won't you kiss her?

Dan. Why, pray, may I?

Well. Kiss her, kiss her, Man.

Dan. Marry, and I will. [*Kisses her.*] Gadsooks! she kisses rarely! An' please you, Mistress, and seeing my Mother will have it so, I don't much care if I kiss you again, forsooth. [*Kisses her again.*]

Luc. Well, how do you like me now?

Dan. Like you! marry I don't know. You have bewitch'd me, I think: I was never so in my born days before.

Wid. You must marry this fine Woman, *Daniel.*

Dan. Hey day! marry her! I was never married in all my Life. What must I do with her then, Mother?

Wid. You must live with her, eat and drink with her, go to Bed with her, and sleep with her.

Dan. Nay, marry, if I must go to Bed with her, I shall never sleep, that's certain; she'll break me of my Rest, quite and clean, I tell you before-hand. As for eating and drinking with her, why I have a good Stomach, and can play my Part in any Company. But how do you think I can go to Bed to a Woman I don't know?

Well. You shall know her better.

Dan. Say you so, Sir.

Well. Kiss her again.

[*Daniel kisses Lucy.*]

Dan. Nay, kissing I find will make us presently acquainted. We'll steal into a Corner to practise a little, and then I shall be able to do any thing.

Well. The young Man, mends apace.

Wid. Pray don't baulk him.

Dan. Mother, Mother, if you'll stay in the Room by me, and promise not to leave me, I don't care for once if I venture to go to Bed with her.

Wid. There's a good Child; go in and put on thy best Clothes; pluck up a Spirit; I'll stay in the Room by thee. She won't hurt thee, I warrant thee.

Dan. Nay, as to that matter, I'm not afraid of her: I'll give her as good as she brings: I have a *Rowland* for her *Oliver*, and so you may tell her. [*Exit.*]

Wid. Mrs. *Lucia*, we shan't stay for you: You are in a Readiness, I suppose.

Well,

Well. She's always ready to do what I would have her, I must say that for my Sister.

Wid. 'Twill be her own another Day. *Mr. Welldon,* we'll marry 'em out of hand, and then——

Well. And then, *Mrs. Lackitt,* look to your self—[*Exit.*]

S C E N E II.

Enter Oroonoko and Blandford.

Oro. You grant I have good Reason to suspect All the Professions you can make to me.

Blan. Indeed you have.

Oro. The Dog that sold me did profess as much As you can do—But yet, I know not why— Whether it is because I'm fallen so low, And have no more to fear——That is not it: I am a Slave no longer than I please.

'Tis something nobler——Being just my self, I am inclining to think others so:

'Tis that prevails upon me to believe you.

Blan. You may believe me.

Oro. I do believe you.

From what I know of you, you are no Fool: Fools only are the Knaves, and live by Tricks: Wise Men may thrive without 'em, and be honest.

Blan. They won't all take your Counsel——[*Aside.*]

Oro. You know my Story, and you say you are A Friend to my Misfortunes: That's a Name Will teach you what you owe your self and me.

Blan. I'll study to deserve to be your Friend: When once our Noble Governor arrives, With him you will not need my Interest: He is too generous not to feel your Wrongs. But be assur'd I will employ my Pow'r, And find the means to send you home again.

Oro. I thank you, Sir.—My honest, wretched Friends! Their Chains are heavy: They have hardly found [Sighing.] So kind a Master. May I ask you, Sir, What is become of them? Perhaps I should not. You will forgive a Stranger.

Blan.

Blan. I'll enquire,
And use my best Endeavours, where they are,
To have 'em gently us'd.

Oro. Once more I thank you.
You offer every Cordial that can keep
My Hopes alive, to wait a better Day.
What Friendly Care can do, you have apply'd.
But, Oh! I have a Grief admits no Cure.

Blan. You do not know, Sir ———

Oro. Can you raise the dead?
Pursue and overtake the Wings of Time?
And bring about again the Hours, the Days,
The Years that made me happy?

Blan. That is not to be done.

Oro. No, there is nothing to be done for me.

[*Kneeling and kissing the Earth.*

Thou God ador'd! thou ever-glorious Sun!
If she be yet on Earth, send me a Beam
Of thy All-seeing Power to light me to her.
Or if thy Sister Goddess has preferr'd
Her Beauty to the Skies to be a Star;
O tell me where she shines, that I may stand
Whole Nights, and gaze upon her.

Blan. I am rude, and interrupt you.

Oro. I am troublesome :

But pray give me your Pardon. My swell'n Heart
Bursts out its passage, and I must complain.
O! can you think of nothing dearer to me?
Dearer than Liberty, my Country, Friends,
Much dearer than my Life? that I have lost
The tend'rest, best lov'd, and loving Wife.

Blan. Alas! I pity you.

Oro. Do pity me :

Pity's a-kin to Love; and every Thought
Of that soft kind is welcome to my Soul.
I would be pity'd here.

Blan. I dare not ask

More than you please to tell me: But if you
Think it convenient to let me know
Your Story, I dare promise you to bear
A part in your Distress, if not assist you.

Oro.

Oro. Thou honest-hearted Man! I wanted such,
Just such a Friend as thou art, that would sit
Still as the Night, and let me talk whole Days
Of my *Imoinda*. O! I'll tell thee all
From first to last; and pray observe me well.

Blan. I will most heedfully.

Oro. There was a Stranger in my Father's Court,
Valu'd and honour'd much: He was a White,
The first I ever saw of your Complexion:
He chang'd his Gods for ours, and so grew great;
Of many Virtues, and so fam'd in Arms,
He still commanded all my Father's Wars.
I was bred under him. One fatal Day,
The Armies joining; he before me stept,
Receiving in his Breast a poison'd Dart
Level'd at me; he dy'd within my Arms.
I've tir'd you already.

Blan. Pray go on.

Oro. He left an only Daughter, whom he brought
An Infant to *Angola*. When I came
Back to the Court, a happy Conqueror;
Humanity oblig'd me to condole
With this sad Virgin for a Father's Loss,
Lost for my Safety. I presented her
With all the Slaves of Battle to atone
Her Father's Ghost. But when I saw her Face,
And heard her speak, I offer'd up my self
To be the Sacrifice. She bow'd and blush'd;
I wonder'd and ador'd. The Sacred Pow'r
That had subdu'd me, then inspir'd my Tongue,
Inclin'd her Heart; and all our Talk was Love.

Blan. Then you were happy.

Oro. O! I was too happy.

I marry'd her; And tho my Country's Custom
Indulg'd the Privilege of many Wives,
I swore my self never to know but her.
She grew with Child, and I grew happier still.
O my *Imoinda*! but it could not last.
Her fatal Beauty reach'd my Father's Ears:
He sent for her to Court, where, cursed Court!

No Woman comes, but for his amorous Use.
 He raging to possess her, she was fore'd
 To own herself my Wife. The furious King
 Started at Incest: But grown desperate,
 Not daring to enjoy what he desir'd,
 In mad Revenge, which I could never learn,
 He poison'd her, or sent her far, far off,
 Far from my Hopes ever to see her more.

Blan. Most barbarous of Fathers! the sad Tale
 Has struck me dumb with Wonder.

Oro. I have done.

I'll trouble you no farther: Now and then,
 A Sigh will have its way: that shall be all.

Enter Stanmore.

Stan. Blandford, the Lieutenant Governor is gone to
 your Plantation. He desires you would bring the Royal
 Slave with you. The sight of his fair Mistress, he says,
 is an Entertainment for a Prince; he would have his
 Opinion of her.

Oro. Is he a Lover?

Blan. So he says himself: He flatters a beautiful Slave
 that I have, and calls her Mistress.

Oro. Must he then flatter her to call her Mistress?
 I pity the proud Man, who thinks himself
 Above being in Love: What, tho she be a Slave,
 She may deserve him.

Blan. You shall judge of that, when you see her, Sir.

Oro. I go with you.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E A Plantation.

Lieu. Governor following Imoinda.

Gov. I have disturb'd you, I confess my Fault,
 My fair *Clemene*; but begin again,
 And I will listen to your mournful Song,
 Sweet as the soft complaining Nightingale's.
 While every Note calls out my trembling Soul,
 And leaves me silent, as the Midnight Groves,
 Only to shelter you; sing, sing again,

And

And let me wonder at the many ways
You have to ravish me.

Imo. O! I can weep
Enough for you, and me, if that will please you.

Gov. You must not weep: I come to dry your Tears,
And raise you from your Sorrow, Look upon me:
Look with the Eyes of kind indulging Love,
That I may have full Cause for what I say:
I come to offer you your Liberty,

And be my self the Slave. You turn away. [*Following her.*
But every thing becomes you. I may take

This pretty Hand: I know your Modesty
Would draw it back: But you would take it ill,
If I should let it go, I know you wou'd.

You shall be gently forc'd to please your self;
That you will thank me for.

[*She struggles, and gets her Hand from him, then
he offers to kiss her.*

Nay if you struggle with me, I must take —

Imo. You may my Life, that I can part with freely.

[*Exit.*

Enter Blandford, Stanmore, Oroonoko to him.

Blan. So, Governor, we don't disturb you, I hope:
Your Mistress has left you: You were making Love,
she's thankful for the Honour, I suppose.

Gov. Quite insensible to all I say, and do:
When I speak to her, she sighs, or weeps,
But never answers me as I would have her.

Stan. There's something nearer than her Slavery, that
touches her.

Blan. What do her Fellow-Slaves say of her; can't
they find the Cause?

Gov. Some of them, who pretend to be wiser than the
rest, and hate her, I suppose, for being us'd better than
they are, will needs have it that she's with Child.

Blan. Poor Wretch! if it be so, I pity her:
She has lost a Husband, that perhaps was dear
To her, and then you cannot blame her.

Oro. If it be so, indeed you cannot blame her.

[*Sighing.*
Gov.

Gov. No, no, it is not so: If it be so,
I must still love her: And desiring still,
I must enjoy her.

Blan. Try what you can do with fair Means, and welcome.

Gov. I'll give you ten Slaves for her.

Blan. You know she is our Lord Governor's: But if I could dispose of her, I would not now, especially to you.

Gov. Why not to me?

Blan. I mean against her Will. You are in love with her;

And we all know what your Desires would have:
Love stops at nothing but Possession.

Were she within your Pow'r, you do not know
How soon you would be tempted to forget
The Nature of the Deed, and, may be, act
A Violence, you after would repent.

Oro. 'Tis Godlike in you to protect the weak.

Gov. Fie, fie, I would not force her. Tho she be
A Slave, her Mind is free, and should consent.

Oro. Such Honour will engage her to consent:
And then, if you're in Love, she's worth the having.
Shall we not see the Wonder?

Gov. Have a care;

You have a Heart, and she has conquering Eyes.

Oro. I have a Heart: But if it could be false
To my first Vows, ever to love again,
These honest Hands should tear it from my Breast,
And throw the Traitor from me. O! *Imoinda*!
Living or dead, I can be only thine.

Blan. *Imoinda* was his Wife: She's either dead,
Or living, dead to him: Forc'd from his Arms
By an inhuman Father. Another time
I'll tell you all.

[To the Gov. and Stan.]

Stan. Hark! the Slaves have done their Work;
And now begins their Evening Merriment.

Blan. The Men are all in love with fair *Clemene*
As much as you are: And the Women hate her,
From an Instinct of natural Jealousy.
They sing, and dance, and try their little Tricks

To entertain her, and divert her Sadness.
May be she is among them: Shall we see?

[*Exeunt.*]

The SCENE drawn shews the Slaves, Men,
Women and Children upon the Ground, some
rise and dance, others sing the following Songs.

A SONG by Sir Harry Sheers.

Sett by Mr. Courtevall, and sung by the Boy to Miss Cross.

I.

A Last there lives upon the Green,
Cou'd I her Picture draw;
A brighter Nymph was never seen,
That looks, and reigns a little Queen,
And keeps the Swains in awe.

II.

Her Eyes are Cupid's Darts, and Wings,
Her Eye-brows are his Bow;
Her Silken Hair the Silver Strings,
Which sure and swift Destruction brings
To all the Vale below.

III.

If Pastorella's dawning Light
Can warm, and wound us so:
Her Noon will shine so piercing bright,
Each glancing Beam will kill outright,
And every Swain subdue.

A SONG by Mr. Cheek.

Sett by Mr. Courtevall, and sung by Mr. Leveridge.

I.

B Right Cinthia's Pow'r divinely great,
What Heart is not obeying?
A thousand Cupids on her wait,
And in her Eyes are playing!

She

II.

*She seems the Queen of Love to reign,
For she alone dispenses
Such Sweets, as best can entertain
The Gust of all the Senses.*

III.

*Her Face a charming Prospect brings;
Her Breath gives balmy Bliss;
I hear an Angel, when she sings,
And taste of Heav'n in Kisses.*

IV.

*Four Senses thus she feasts with Joy,
From Nature's richest Treasure:
Let me the other Sense employ,
And I shall die with Pleasure.*

During the Entertainment, the Governor, Blandford, Stanmore, Oroonoko, enter as Spectators; that ended, Captain Driver, Jack Stanmore, and several Planters enter with their Swords drawn. [A Bell rings.

Capt. Where are you, Governor? Make what haste you can

To save your self, and the whole Colony.

I bid 'em ring the Bell.

Gov. What's the Matter?

J. Stan. The Indians are come down upon us: They have plunder'd some of the Plantations already, and are marching this way as fast as they can.

Gov. What can we do against 'em?

Blah. We shall be able to make a stand, till more Planters come in to us.

J. Stan. There are a great many more without, if you wou'd show your self, and put us in order.

Gov. There's no danger of the white Slaves, they'll not stir: Blandford and Stanmore, come you along with me: Some of you stay here to look after the black Slaves.

[All go out but the Captain and six Planters,
who all at once seize Oroonoko.

1 *Plan.* Ay, ay, let us alone.

Capt. In the first place we secure you, Sir,
As an Enemy to the Government.

Oro. Are you there, Sir? you are my constant Friend.

1 *Plan.* You will be able to do a great deal of Mis-
chief.

Capt. But we shall prevent you: Bring the Irons hither.
He has the Malice of a Slave in him, and wou'd be glad
to be cutting his Masters Throats, I know him. Chain
his Hands and Feet, that he may not run over to 'em:
If they have him, they shall carry him on their Backs,
that I can tell 'em.

[*As they are chaining him, Blandford enters, runs to 'em.*

Blan. What are you doing there?

Capt. Securing the main Chance: This is a Bosom
Enemy.

Blan. Away, you Brutes: I'll answer with my Life
for his Behaviour; so tell the Governor.

Capt. Plan. Well, Sir, so we will.

[*Exeunt Captain and Planters.*

Oro. Give me a Sword, and I'll deserve your Trust.

*A party of Indians enter, hurrying Imoinda among the
Slaves; another Party of Indians sustains 'em retreat-
ing, follow'd at a distance by the Governor with the
Planters: Blandford, Oroonoko join 'em.*

Blan. Hell, and the Devil! they drive away our Slaves
before our Faces. Governor, can you stand tamely by,
and suffer this? *Clamene*, Sir, your Mistress is among 'em.

Gov. We throw our selves away, in the attempt to
rescue 'em.

Oro. A Lover cannot fall more glorious,
Than in the cause of Love. He that deserves
His Mistress Favour, wonnot stay behind:
I'll lead you on, be bold, and follow me.

[*Oroonoko at the head of the Planters, falls upon
the Indians with a great shout, beats 'em off.*

Enter Imoinda.

Imo. I'm tost about by my tempestuous Fate,
And no where must have Rest; *Indians, or English!*
Whoever has me, I am still a Slave.

No

No matter whose I am, since I'm no more.
My Royal Master's; since I'm his no more.
O I was happy! nay, I will be happy,
In the dear Thought that I am still his Wife,
Tho' far divided from him.

[Draws off to a corner of the Stage.

After a Shout, enter the Governor with Oroonoko, Blandford, Stanmore, and the Planters.

Gov. Thou glorious Man! thou something greater sure
Than *Caesar* ever was! that single Arm
Has sav'd us all: Accept our general Thanks.

[All bow to Oroonoko.

And what can we do more to recompense
Such noble Services, you shall command.
Clemene too shall thank you—she is safe—
Look up, and bless your brave Deliverer.

[Brings *Clemene* forward, looking down on the Ground.

Oro. Bless me indeed!

Blan. You start!

Oro. O all you Gods!

Who govern this great World, and bring about
Things strange, and unexpected, can it be?

Gov. What is't you stare at so?

Oro. Answer me some of you, you who have Power,
And have your Senses free: Or are you all
Struck thro' with Wonder too? [Looking still fix'd on her.

Blan. What wou'd you know?

Oro. My Soul steals from my Body thro' my Eyes:
All that is left of Life, I'll gaze away,
And die upon the Pleasure.

Gov. This is strange!

Oro. If you but mock me with her Image here:

If she be not *Imoinda*—

[She looks upon him, and falls into a Swoon, he runs to her.

Ha! she faints!

Nay, then it must be she: It is *Imoinda*:
My Heart confesses her, and leaps for joy,
To welcome her to her own Empire here.
I feel her all, in every part of me.

O! let me press her in my eager Arms,

Wake her to Life, and with this kindling Kiss
Give back that Soul, she only sent to me. [*Kisses her.*]

Gov. I am amaz'd!

Blan. I am as much as you.

Oro. Imoinda! O! thy Oroonoko calls.

[*Imoinda coming to Life.*]

Imo. My Oroonoko! O! I can't believe
What any Man can say. But if I am
To be deceiv'd, there's something in that Name,
That Voice, That Face, [*Staring on him.*]
O! if I know my self, I cannot be mistaken.

[*Runs and embraces Oroonoko.*]

Oro. Never here;

You cannot be mistaken; I am yours,
Your Oroonoko, all that you would have,
Your tender loving Husband.

Imo. All indeed

That I would have: my Husband! then I am
Alive, and waking to the Joys I feel:
They were so great, I could not think 'em true.
But I believe all that you say to me:
For Truth it self, and everlasting Love
Grows in this Breast, and Pleasure in these Arms.

Oro. Take, take me all: Enquire into my Heart,
(You know the way to every Secret there)
My Heart, the sacred Treasury of Love:
And if, in Absence, I have mis-employ'd
A Mite from the rich Store; if I have spent
A Wish, a Sigh, but what I sent to you;
May I be curst to wish, and sigh in vain,
And you not pity me.

Imo. O! I believe,

And know you by my self. If these sad Eyes,
Since last we parted, have beheld the Face
Of any Comfort; or once wish'd to see
The Light of any other Heav'n, but you,
May I be struck this Moment blind, and lose
Your blessed Sight, never to find you more.

Oro. Imoinda! O! this Separation
Has made you dearer, if it can be so,

Than you were ever to me. You appear
Like a kind Star to my benighted Steps,
To guide me on my way to Happiness:
I cannot miss it now. Governor, Friend,
You think me mad: But let me bless you all,
Who, any way, have been the Instruments
Of finding her again. *Imoinda's found!*
And every thing that I would have in her.

[Embracing her in the most passionate Fondness.]

Stan. Where's your Mistress now, Governor?

Gov. Why, wherea most Men's Mistresses are forc'd to
be sometimes,

With her Husband, it seems: But I won't lose her so.

[Aside]

Stan. He has fought lustily for her, and deserves her,
I'll say that for him.

Blan. Sir, we congratulate your Happiness: I do
most heartily.

Gov. And all of us: but how it comes to pass—

Oro. That will require

More precious Time than I can spare you now.

I have a thousand things to ask of her,

And she as many more to know of me.

But you have made me happier, I confess,

Acknowledge it, much happier, than I

Have Words, or Pow'r to tell you. Captain, you,

Ev'n you, who most have wrong'd me, I forgive.

I wonnot say you have betray'd me now:

I'll think you but the Minister of Fate,

To bring me to my lov'd *Imoinda* here.

Imo. How, how shall I receive you; how be w

Of such Endearments, all this Tendernefs?

These are the Transports of Prosperity,

When Fortune smiles upon us.

Oro. Let the Fools,

Who follow Fortune, live upon her Smiles.

All our Prosperity is plac'd in Love.

We have enough of that to make us happy.

This little spot of Earth you stand upon,

Is more to me, than the extended Plains.

Of my great Father's Kingdom. Here I reign
 In full Delights, in Joys to Pow'r unknown;
 Your Love my Empire, and your Heart my Throne.
 [Exeunt.]



ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Aboan with several Slaves and Hottman.

Hot. **W**HAT! to be Slaves to Cowards! Slaves to Rogues! who can't defend themselves!

Abo. Who is this Fellow? he talks as if he were acquainted with our Design: Is he one of us?

[*Aside to his own Gang.*]

Slav. Not yet: But he will be glad to make one, believe.

Abo. He makes a mighty Noise.

Hot. Go, sneak in Corners; whisper out your Grievs, or fear your Masters hear you: Cringe and crouch under the bloody Whip, like beaten Curs, and lick their Wounds, and know no other Cure.

Wretches all! you feel their Cruelty,

as much as I can feel, but dare not groan.

My part, while I have a Life and Tongue,

is to curse the Authors of my Slavery.

Have you been long a Slave?

Yes, many Years.

And do you only curse?

Curse? only curse? I cannot conjure,

nor raise the Spirits up of other Men:

I am but one. O! for a Soul of Fire,

so warm, and animate our common Cause,

And make a Body of us: then I would

Do something more than curse.

Abo. That Body set on Foot, you would be one,

A Limb, to lend it Motion.

Hot.

Hot. I would be
The Heart of it; the Head, the Hand, and Heart.
Would I could see the Day.

Abo. You will do all your self.

Hot. I would do more
Than I shall speak: But I may find a Time.

Abo. The Time may come to you; be ready for't.
Methinks he talks too much: I'll know him more,
Before I trust him farther.

[*Aside.*

Slav. If he dares
Half what he says, he'll be of use to us.

Enter Blandford to 'em.

Blan. If there be any one among you here
That did belong to Oroonoko, speak,
I come to him.

Abo. I did belong to him. *Aboan* my Name.

Blan. You are the Man I want; pray come with me.

[*Exit.*

S C E N E II.

Enter Oroonoko and Imoinda.

Oro. I do not blame my Father for his Love:
(Tho that had been enough to ruin me)
'Twas Nature's Fault that made you like the Sun,
The reasonable Worship of Mankind:
He could not help his Adoration.
Age had not lock'd his Senses up so close,
But he had Eyes, that open'd to his Soul,
And took your Beauties in: He felt your Pow'r,
And therefore I forgive his loving you.
But when I think on his Barbarity,
That could expose you to so many Wrongs;
Driving you out to wretched Slavery,
Only for being mine; then I confess
I wish I could forget the Name of Son,
That I might curse the Tyrant.

Imo. I will bless him,
For I have found you here: Heav'n only knows
What is reserv'd for us: But if we guess
The future by the past, our Fortune must

Be

Be wonderful, above the common Size
Of Good or ill; it must be in Extremes:
Extremely happy, or extremely Wretched.

Oro. 'Tis in our Pow'r to make it happy now.

Imo But not to keep it so.

Enter Blandford and Aboan.

Blan. My Royal Lord!

I have a Present for you.

Oro. *Aboan!*

Abo. Your lowest Slave.

Oro. My try'd and valu'd Friend.

This worthy Man always prevents my Wants:

I only wish'd, and he has brought thee to me.

Thou art surpriz'd: Carry thy Duty there;

[Aboan goes to Imoinda, and falls at her Feet.]

While I acknowledge mine, how shall I thank you?

Blan. Believe me honest to your Interest,

And I am more than paid. I have secur'd

That all your Followers shall be gently us'd.

This Gentleman, your chiefest Favourite,

Shall wait upon your Person; while you stay

Among us.

Oro. I owe every thing to you.

Blan. You must not think you are in Slavery.

Oro. I do not find I am.

Blan. Kind Heav'n has miraculously sent
Those Comforts, that may teach you to expect
Its farther care, in your Deliverance.

Oro. I sometimes think my self, Heav'n is concern'd
For my Deliverance.

Blan. It will be soon:

You may expect it. Pray, in the mean time,

Appear as chearful as you can among us.

You have some Enemies, that represent

You dangerous, and would be glad to find

A Reason, in your Discontent, to fear:

They watch your Looks. But there are honest Men,

Who are your Friends: You are secure in them.

Oro. I thank you for your Caution.

Blan.

Blan. I will leave you :

And be assur'd, I wish your Liberty.

[Exit.

Abo. He speaks you very fair.

Oro. He means me fair.

Abo. If he should not, my Lord.

Oro. If he should not !

I'll not suspect his Truth : But if I did,

What shall I get by doubting?

Abo. You secure

Not to be disappointed: But besides,

There's this advantage in suspecting him :

When you put off the Hopes of other Men,

You will rely upon your God-like self:

And then you may be sure of Liberty.

Oro. Be sure of Liberty ! what dost thou mean;

Advising to rely upon my self?

I think I may be sure on't: We must wait:

'Tis worth a little Patience.

[Turning to *Knioinda*.

Abo. O my Lord!

Oro. What dost thou drive at?

Abo. Sir, another time

You would have found it sooner: But I see

Love has your Heart, and takes up all your Thoughts.

Oro. And can't thou blame me?

Abo. Sir, I must not blame you.

But as our Fortune stands, there is a Passion

(Your Pardon Royal Mistress, I must speak:)

That would become you, better than your Love:

A brave Resentment; which inspir'd by you,

Might kindle and diffuse a generous Rage

Among the Slaves, to rouse and shake our Chains,

And struggle to be free.

Oro. How can we help our selves?

Abo. I knew you when you would have found a Way.

How help our selves! the very *Indians*, teach us:

We need but to attempt our Liberty,

And we can carry it. We have Hands sufficient,

Double the Number of our Masters force,

Ready to be employ'd. What hinders us

To set 'em then at work? we want but you,

To

To head our Enterprize, and bid us strike.

Oro. What would you do?

Abo. Cut our Oppressors Throats.

Oro. And you would have me join in your Design
Of Murder?

Abo. It deserves a better Name:

But be it what it will, 'tis justify'd
By Self-defence, and natural Liberty.

Oro. I'll hear no more on't.

Abo. I am sorry for't.

Oro. Nor shall you think of it.

Abo. Not think of it!

Oro. No, I command you not.

Abo. Remember, Sir,

You are a Slave your self, and to command
Is now another's Right. Not think of it!
Since the first Moment they put on my Chains,
I've thought of nothing but the weight of 'em,
And how to throw 'em off: Can yours sit easy?

Oro. I have a Sense of my Condition,
As painful, and as quick, as yours can be.
I feel for my *Imoinda* and my self;
Imoinda much the tenderest Part of me,
But tho I languish for my Liberty,
I would not buy it at the Christian Price
Of black Ingratitude: They shannot say,
That we deserv'd our Fortune by our Crimes.
Murder the Innocent!

Abo. The Innocent!

Oro. These Men are so, whom you would rise against:
If we are Slaves, they did not make us Slaves;
But bought us in an honest Way of Trade:
As we have done before 'em, bought and sold
Many a Wretch, and never thought it wrong.
They paid our Price for us, and we are now
Their Property, a part of their Estate,
To manage as they please. Mistake me not,
I do not tamely say, that we should bear
All they could lay upon us: But we find
The Load so light, so little to be felt,

(Confi-

(Considering they have us in their Power,
And may inflict what Grievances they please)
We ought not to complain.

Abo. My Royal Lord!

You do not know the heavy Grievances,
The Toils, the Labours, weary Drudgeries,
Which they impose; Burdens more fit for Beasts,
For senseless Beasts to bear, than thinking Men.
Then if you saw the bloody Cruelties
They execute on every slight Offence;
Nay, sometimes in their proud, insulting Sport:
How worse than Dogs, they lash their Fellow-Creatures:
Your Heart would bleed for 'em. O! could you know
How many Wretches lift their Hands and Eyes
To you, for their Relief!

Oro. I pity 'em,

And wish I could with Honesty do more.

Abo. You must do more, and may, with Honesty.

O Royal Sir, remember who you are,
A Prince, born for the good of other Men:
Whose God-like Office is to draw the Sword
Against Oppression, and set free Mankind:
And this I'm sure you think Oppression now.
What tho you have not felt these Miseries,
Never believe you are oblig'd to them:
They have their selfish Reasons, may be, now,
For using of you well: But there will come
A Time, when you must have your share of 'em.

Oro. You see how little Cause I have to think so:

Favour'd in my own Person, in my Friends;

Indulg'd in all that can concern my Care,

In my *Imoinda's* soft Society.

[*Embracing her.*]

Abo. And therefore would you lie contented down,

In the forgetfulness, and Arms of Love,

To get young Princes for 'em?

Oro. Say'st thou! ha!

Abo. Princes, the Heirs of Empire, and the last
Of your illustrious Lineage, to be born

To pamper up their Pride, and be their Slaves?

Oro. *Imoinda!* save me, save me from that Thought.

E

Imo.

Imo. There is no Safety from it : I have long
Suffer'd it with a Mother's labouring Pains ;
And can no longer. Kill me, kill me now,
While I am blest, and happy in your Love;
Rather than let me live to see you hate me :
As you must hate me; me, the only Cause;
The Fountain of these flowing Miseries:
Dry up this Spring of Life, this pois'nous Spring,
That swells so fast, to over-whelm us all.

Oro. Shall the dear Babe, the eldest of my Hopes,
Whom I begot a Prince, be born a Slave?
The Treasure of this Temple was design'd
T'enrich a Kingdom's Fortune : Shall it here
Be seiz'd upon by vile unhallow'd Hands,
To be employ'd in Uses most profane?

Abo. In most unworthy Uses ; think of that ;
And while you may, prevent it. O my Lord !
Rely on nothing that they say to you.
They speak you fair, I know, and bid you wait :
But think what 'tis to wait on Promises,
And Promises of Men, who know no Tie
Upon their Words, against their Interest :
And where's their Interest in freeing you?

Imo. O ! where indeed, to lose so many Slaves ?

Abo. Nay, grant this Man, you think so much your
Friend,

Be honest, and intends all that he says :
He is but one ; and in a Government,
Where, he confesses, you have Enemies,
That watch your Looks, what Looks can you put on,
To please these Men, who are before resolv'd
To read 'em their own Way ? Alas ! my Lord !
If they incline to think you dangerous,
They have their knavish Arts to make you so :
And then who knows how far their Cruelty
May carry their Revenge?

Imo. To every thing
That does belong to you ; your Friends, and me ;
I shall be torn from you, forced away,
Helpless, and miserable : Shall I live
To see that Day again ?

Oro.

Oro. That Day shall never come.

Abo. I know you are perswaded to believe
The Governor's Arrival will prevent
These Mischiefs, and bestow your Liberty :—
But who is sure of that ? I rather fear
More Mischiefs from his coming. He is young,
Luxurious, passionate, and amorous :
Such a Complexion, and made bold by Power,
To countenance all he is prone to do,
Will know no Bounds, no Law against his Lusts.
If, in a Fit of his Intemperance,
With a strong Hand, he should resolve to seize,
And force my Royal Mistress from your Arms,
How can you help your self ?

Oro. Ha ! thou hast rous'd
The Lion in his Den, he stalks abroad,
And the wide Forest trembles at his roar.
I find the Danger now : My Spirits start
At the alarm, and from all Quarters come
To man my Heart, the Citadel of Love.
Is there a Power on Earth to force you from me ?
And shall I not resist it ? Not strike first
To keep, to save you ; to prevent that Curse ?
This ~~is~~ your Cause, and shall it not prevail ?
Oh ! you were born always to conquer me.
Now I am fashion'd to thy purpose : Speak,
What Combination, what Conspiracy,
Would'st thou engage me in ? I'll undertake
All thou would'st have now for Liberty,
For the great Cause of Love and Liberty.

Abo. Now, my great Master, you appear your self :
And since we have you join'd in our Design,
It cannot fail us. I have muster'd up
The choicest Slaves, Men who are sensible
Of their Condition, and seem most resolv'd :
They have their several Parties.

Oro. Summon 'em,
Assemble 'em : I will come forth, and shew
My self among 'em : If they are resolv'd,
I'll lead their foremost Resolutions.

Abo. I have provided those will follow you.

Oro. With this Reserve in our Proceeding still,
The Means that lead us to our Liberty
Must not be bloody.

Abo. You command in all.
We shall expect you, Sir.

Oro. You shannot long.

[*Exeunt Oro, and Imo. at one Door, Abo. at another.*]

SCENE III.

Welldon coming in before Mrs. Lackitt.

Wid. These unmannerly *Indians* were something unseasonable, to disturb us just in the nick, Mr. *Welldon*: But I have the Parson within call still, to do us the good Turn.

Well. We had best stay a little I think, to see things settled again, had not we? Marriage is a serious thing, you know.

Wid. What do you talk of a serious thing, Mr. *Well-don*? I think you have found me sufficiently serious: I have marry'd my Son to your Sister, to pleasure you: And now I come to claim your Promise to me, you tell me Marriage is a serious thing.

Well. Why, is it not?

Wid. Fiddle, faddle, I know what it is: 'Tis not the first time I have been marry'd, I hope: But I shall begin to think you don't design to do fairly by me, so I shall

Well. Why indeed, Mrs. *Lackitt*, I am afraid I can't do as fairly as I would by you. 'Tis what you must know, first or last; and I should be the worst Man in the World to conceal it any longer; therefore I must own to you, that I am marry'd already.

Wid. Married! you don't say so, I hope! how have you the Conscience to tell me such a thing to my Face? You have you abus'd me then, fool'd and cheated me? What do you take me for, Mr. *Welldon*? Do you think I am to be serv'd at this rate? But you shan't find me the Creature you think me: I would have you to know, I understand better things, than to ruin my Son without valuable Consideration. If I can't have you, I can

my Money. Your Sister shan't have the catch of him she expected: I won't part with a Shilling to 'em.

Well. You made the Match your self, you know, you can't blame me.

Wid. Yes, yes, I can, and do blame you: You might have told me before, you were marry'd.

Well. I would not have told you now: but you follow'd me so close, I was forc'd to it: Indeed I am marry'd in *England*; but 'tis, as if it were not; for I have been parted from my Wife a great while: And to do reason on both sides, we hate one another heartily. Now I did design, and will marry you still, if you'll have a little Patience.

Wid. A likely business truly.

Well. I have a Friend in *England* that I will write to, to poison my Wife, and then I can marry you with a good Conscience, if you love me, as you say you do; you'll consent to that, I'm sure.

Wid. And will he do it, do you think?

Well. At the first word, or he is not the Man I take him to be.

Wid. Well, you are a dear Devil, Mr. *Welldon*: And would you poison your Wife for me?

Well. I would do any thing for you.

Wid. Well, I am mightily obliged to you. But 'twill be a great while before you can have an Answer of your Letter.

Well. 'Twill be a great while indeed.

Wid. In the mean time, Mr. *Welldon*——

Well. Why in the mean time——Here's Company: We'll settle that within, I'll follow you. [*Exit Widow.*]

Enter Stanmore.

Stan. So, Sir, you carry your Business swimmingly: You have stolen a Wedding, I hear.

Well. Ay, my Sister is marry'd: And I am very near being run away with my self.

Stan. The Widow will have you then.

Well. You come very seasonably to my rescue: *Jack Stanmore* is to be had, I hope.

Stan. At half an Hour's warning.

Well. I must advise with you.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E IV.

Oroonoko with Aboan, Hottman, and Slaves.

Oro. Impossible! nothing's impossible:

We know our Strength by only being try'd.

If you object the Mountains, Rivers, Woods

Unpassable, that lie before our March:

Woods we can set on fire: We swim by Nature:

What can oppose us then but we may tame?

All things submit to virtuous Industry:

That we can carry with us, that is ours.

Slav. Great Sir, we have attended all you said,
With silent Joy and Admiration:

And, were we only Men, would follow such,

So great a Leader, thro' the untry'd World.

But, oh! consider we have other Names,

Husbands and Fathers, and have things more dear

To us than Life, our Children and our Wives,

Unfit for such an Expedition:

What must become of them?

Oro. We wonnot wrong

The Virtue of our Women, to believe

There is a Wife among 'em, would refuse

To share her Husband's Fortune. What is hard,

We must make easy to 'em in our Love: While we live,

And have our Limbs, we can take care of them;

Therefore I still propose, to lead our March

Down to the Sea, and plant a Colony;

Where, in our native Innocence, we shall live

Free, and be able to defend our selves;

Till stress of Weather, or some Accident

Provide a Ship for us.

Abo. An Accident!

The luckiest Accident presents it self:

The very Ship that brought and made us Slaves,

Swims in the River still, I see no Cause

But we may seize on that.

Oro.

Oro. It shall be so :
There is a Justice in it pleases me.
Do you agree to it?

[To the Slaves.

Ommes. We follow you.
Oro. You do not relish it.

[To Hottman.

Hot. I am afraid
You'll find it difficult and dangerous.

Abo. Are you the Man to find the Danger first?
You shou'd have giv'n Example. Dangerous!
I thought you had not understood the Word;
You, who would be the Head, the Hand, and Heart;
Sir, I remember you, you can talk well;
I wonnot doubt but you'll maintain your Word.

Oro. This Fellow is not right, I'll try him farther.

[To Aboan.

The Danger will be certain to us all;
And Death most certain in miscarrying.
We must expect no Mercy, if we fail:
Therefore our way must be not to expect:
We'll put it out of Expectation,
By Death upon the Place, or Liberty.
There is no mean, but Death or Liberty.
There's no Man here, I hope, but comes prepar'd
For all that can befall him.

Abo. Death is all:
In most Conditions of Humanity
To be desir'd, but to be shun'd in none:
The Remedy of many; Wish of some;
And certain End of all.
If there be one among us, who can fear
The Face of Death appearing like a Friend,
As in this Cause of Honour Death must be:
How will he tremble, when he sees him dress'd
In the wild Fury of our Enemies,
In all the Terrors of their Cruelty?
For now if we should fall into their Hands,
Could they invent a thousand murd'ring ways,
By racking Torments, we should feel 'em all.
Hot. What will become of us?

Oro.

Oro. Observe him now. [To Abo. concerning Hot.
 I could die altogether, like a Man;
 As you, and you, and all of us may do:
 But who can promise for his Bravery
 Upon the Rack? Where fainting, weary Life,
 Hunted thro' every Limb, is forc'd to feel
 An agonizing Death of all its Parts?
 Who can bear this? Resolve to be empal'd?
 His Skin flead off, and roasted yet alive?
 The quivering Flesh torn from his broken Bones,
 By burning Pincers? Who can bear these Pains?
 Hot. They are not to be borne.

[Discovering all the Confusion of Fear.

Oro. You see him now, this Man of mighty Words!

Abo. How his Eyes roul!

Oro. He cannot hide his Fear:

I try'd him this way, and have found him out.

Abo. I could not have believ'd it. Such a Blaze,
 And not a Spark of Fire!

Oro. His Violence

Made me suspect him first: Now I'm convinc'd.

Abo. What shall we do with him?

Oro. He is not fit ———

Abo. Fit! hang him, he is only fit to be
 Just what he is, to live and die a Slave:
 The base Companion of his servile Fears.

Oro. We are not safe with him.

Abo. Do you think so?

Oro. He'll certainly betray us.

Abo. That he shan't:

I can take care of that: I have a way
 To take him off his Evidence.

Oro. What way?

Abo. I'll stop his Mouth before you, stab him here,
 And then let him inform.

[Going to stab Hottman, Oroonoko holds him.

Oro. Thou art not mad?

Abo. I would secure our selves.

Oro. It shannot be this way; nay cannot be:
 His Murder will alarum all the rest,

Make

Make 'em suspect us of Barbarity,
 And, may be, fall away from our Design.
 We'll not set out in Blood: We have, my Friends,
 This Night to furnish what we can provide
 For our Security, and just Defence.
 If there be one among us, we suspect
 Of Baseness, or vile Fear, it will become
 Our common Care, to have an Eye on him :
 I wonnot name the Man.

Abu. You guess at him.

[*To Hottman.*

Oro. To-morrow, 'early as the breaking Day,
 We rendezvous behind the Citron Grove.
 That Ship secur'd, we may transport our selves
 To our respective Homes : My Father's Kingdom
 Shall open her wide Arms to take you in,
 And nurse you for her own, adopt you all,
 All, who will follow me.

Omnes. All, all follow you.

Oro. There I can give you all your Liberty ;
 Bestow its Blessings, and secure 'em yours.
 There you shall live with Honour, as becomes
 My Fellow-sufferers, and worthy Friends.
 This if we do succeed : But if we fall
 In our Attempt, 'tis nobler still to die,
 Than drag the galling Yoak of Slavery.

[*Exeunt.*



ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Welldon and Jack Stanmore.

Well. **Y**OU see, honest *Jack*, I have been industrious
 for you : You must take some Pains now to
 serve your self.

J. Stan. Gad, Mr. *Welldon*, I have taken a great deal
 of Pains ; and if the Widow speaks honestly, faith and
 troth, she'll tell you what a Pains-taker I am.

Well. Fie, fie, not me ; I am her Husband you know :
 She won't tell me what Pains you have taken with her ;
 Besides, she takes you for me.

J. Stan.

J. Stan. That's true: I forgot you had marry'd her. But if you knew all ———

Well. 'Tis no matter for my knowing all, if she does.

J. Stan. Ay, ay, she does know, and more than ever she knew since she was a Woman, for the time; I will be bold to say: For I have done ———

Well. The Devil take you, for you'll never have done.

J. Stan. As old as she is, she has a wrinkle behind more than she had, I believe—For I have taught her, what she never knew in her Life before,

Well. What care I what Wrinkles she has? Or what you have taught her? If you'll let me advise you, you may: it not, you may prate on, and ruin the whole Design.

J. Stan. Well, well, I have done.

Well. No body, but your Cousin, and you, and I, know any thing of this Matter. I have marry'd Mrs. Lackitt, and put you to Bed to her, which she knows nothing of, to serve you: In two or three Days I'll bring it about so, to resign up my Claim, and with her Consent, quietly to you.

J. Stan. But how will you do it?

Well. That must be my Business: In the mean time, if you should make any Noise, 'twill come to her Ears, and be impossible to reconcile her.

J. Stan. Nay, as for that, I know the way to reconcile her, I warrant you.

Well. But how will you get her Money? I am marry'd to her.

J. Stan. That I don't know indeed.

Well. You must leave it to me, you find; all the Pains I shall put you to, will be to be silent: You can hold your Tongue for two or three Days?

J. Stan. Truly, not well, in a matter of this Nature: I should be very unwilling to lose the Reputation of this Night's Work, and the Pleasure of telling.

Well. You must mortify that Vanity a little: You will have time enough to brag and lye of your Manhood, when you have her in a barefac'd Condition to disprove you.

J. Stan.

J. Stan. Well, I'll try what I can do: The Hopes of her Money must do it.

Well. You'll come at Night again? 'Tis your own Business.

J. Stan. But you have the Credit on't.

Well. 'Twill be your own another Day, as the Widow says. Send your Cousin to me: I want his Advice.

J. Stan. I want to be recruited, I'm sure, a good Breakfast, and to Bed: She has rock'd my Cradle sufficiently. [Exit.]

Well. She would have a Husband; and if all be, as he says, she has no reason to complain: But there's no relying on what the Men say upon these Occasions: They have the benefit of their bragging, by recommending their Abilities to other Women: Theirs is a trading Estate, that lives upon Credit, and increases by removing it out of one Bank into another. Now poor Women have not these Opportunities: We must keep our Stocks dead by us, at home, to be ready for a Purchase, when it comes, a Husband, let him be never so dear, and be glad of him: Or venture our Fortunes abroad on such rotten Security, that the Principal and Interest, nay very often our Persons, are in danger. If the Women would agree (which they never will) to call home their Effects, how many proper Gentlemen would sneak into another way of Living, for want of being responsible in this? Then Husbands would be cheaper. Here comes the Widow, she'll tell truth: She'll not bear false Witness against her own Interest, I know.

Enter Widow Lackitt.

Well. Now Mrs. Lackitt.

Wid. Well, well, Lackitt, or what you will now; now I am marry'd to you: I am very well pleas'd with what I have done, I assure you.

Well. And with what I have done too, I hope.

Wid. Ah! Mr. Welldon! I say nothing but you're a dear Man, and I did not think it had been in you.

Well. I have more in me than you imagine.

Wid. No, no, you can't have more than I imagine. 'Tis impossible to have more: You have enough for any Woman, in an honest Way, that I will say for you.

Well.

Well. Then I find you are satisfied.

Wid. Satisfied! no indeed; I'm not to be satisfied with or without you: To be satisfied, is to have enough of you; now 'tis a Folly to lye: I shall never think I can have enough of you. I shall be very fond of you: Wou'd you have me fond of you? What do you do to me, to make me love you so well?

Well. Can't you tell what?

Wid. Go; there's no speaking to you: You bring all the Blood of one's Body into one's Face, so you do: Why do you talk so?

Well. Why, how do I talk?

Wid. You know how: But a little Colour becomes me, I believe: How do I look to day?

Well. O! most lovingly, most amiably.

Wid. Nay, this can't be long a Secret, I find, I shall discover it by my Countenance.

Well. The Women will find you out, you look so chearfully.

Wid. But do I, do I really look so chearfully, so amiably? There's no such ~~Paint~~ in the World as the natural glowing of a Complexion. Let 'em find me out, if they please, poor Creatures, I pity 'em: They envy me, I'm sure, and would be glad to mend their Looks upon the same Occasion. The young jill-flirting Girls, forsooth, believe no body must have a Husband, but themselves; but would have 'em to know there are other things to be taken care of, besides their Green-Sickness.

Well. Ay, sure, or the Physicians would have but little Practice.

Wid. Mr. *Well*don, what must I call you: I must have some pretty fond Name or other for you. What shall I call you?

Well. I thought you lik'd my own Name.

Wid. Yes yes, I like it, but I must have a Nick-name for you: Most Women have Nick-names for their Husbands.

Well. Cuckold.

Wid. No, no, but 'tis very pretty before Company; it looks negligent, and is the Fashion, you know.

Well. To be negligent of their Husbands, it is indeed.

Wid.

Wid. Nay then, I won't be in the Fashion; for I can never be negligent of dear Mr. *Welldon*: And to convince you, here's something to encourage you not to be negligent of me. [*Gives him a Purse and a little Casket.* Five hundred Pounds in Gold in this; and Jewels to the value of five hundred Pounds more in this.

[*Welldon opens the Casket.*

Well. Ay, marry, this will encourage me indeed.

Wid. There are Comforts in marrying an elderly Woman, Mr. *Welldon*. Now a young Woman would have fancy'd she had paid you with her Person, or had done you the Favour.

Well. What do you talk of young Women? You are as young as any of 'em, in every thing, but their Folly and Ignorance.

Wid. And do you think me so? But I have no Reason to suspect you. Was not I seen at your House this Morning, do you think?

Well. You may venture again: You'll come at Night; I suppose.

Wid. O dear! at Night? so soon?

Well. Nay, if you think it so soon.

Wid. O! no it is not for that Mr. *Welldon*, but—

Well. You won't come then.

Wid. Won't! I don't say, I won't: That is not a Word for a Wife: If you command me——

Well. To please your self.

Wid. I will come to please you.

Well. To please your self, own it.

Wid. Well, well, to please my self then; you're the strangest Man in the World, nothing can scape you: You'll to the Bottom of every thing.

Enter Daniel, Lucia following.

Dan. What would you have? What do you follow me for?

Luc. Why, mayn't I follow you? I must follow you now all the World over.

Dan. Hold you, hold you there: Not so far by a Mile or two; I have enough of your Company already, by-lady, and something to spare: You may go home to

F

your

your Brother, an you will; I have no farther to do with you.

Wid. Why, *Daniel*, Child, thou art not out of thy Wits sure, art thou?

Dan. Nay, marry, I don't know; but I am very near, I believe: I am alter'd for the worle mightily since you saw me; and she has been the Cause of it there.

Wid. How so, Child?

Dan. I told you before what wou'd come on't, of putting me to Bed to a strange Woman: But you would not be said nay.

Wid. She is your Wife now, Child, you must love her.

Dan. Why, so I did, at first.

Wid. But you must love her always.

Dan. Always! I lov'd her as long as I could, Mother, and as long as loving was good, I believe, for I find now I don't care a Fig for her.

Luc. Why, you lubberly, slovenly, misbegotten Block-head—

Wid. Nay, Mistress *Lucy*, say any thing else, and spare not: But as to his begetting, that touches me, he is as honestly begotten, tho' I say it, that he is the worse again.

Luc. I see all good Nature is thrown away upon you—

Wid. It was so with his Father before him: He takes after him.

Luc. And therefore I will use you as you deserve, you Tony.

Wid. Indeed he deserves bad enough; but don't call him out of his Name, his Name is *Daniel*, you know.

Dan. She may call me, Hermophrodite, if she will, for I hardly know whether I'm a Boy or a Girl.

Well. A Boy, I warrant thee, as long as thou liv'st.

Dan. Let her call me what she pleases, Mother, 'tis not her Tongue that I'm afraid of.

Luc. I will make such a Beast of thee, such a Cuckold!

Wid. O, pray, no, I hope, do nothing rashly, Mrs. *Lucy*.

Luc. Such a Cuckold I would make of thee!

Dan. I had rather be a Cuckold, than what you wou'd make of me in a Week, I'm sure: I have no more Manhood left in me already, than there is, saving the Mark, in one of my Mother's old under Petticoats here.

Wid.

Wid. Sirrah, Sirrah, meddle with your Wife's Petticoats, and let your Mother's alone, you ungracious Bird, you.

[Beats him.]

Dan. Why is the Devil in the Woman? what have I said now? Do you know, if you were ask'd, I trow? But you are all of a Bundle; ev'n hang together: he that unties you, makes a Rod for his own Tail; and so he will find it, that has any thing to do with you.

Wid. Ay, Rogue enough, you shall find it: I have a Rod for your Tail still.

Dan. No Wife, and I care not.

Wid. I'll swinge you into better Manners, you Booby.

[Beats him off, Exit.]

Well. You have consummated our Project upon him.

Luc. Nay, if I have a Limb of the Fortune, I care not who has the whole Body of the Fool.

Well. That you shall, and a large one, I promise you.

Luc. Have you heard the News? They talk of an English Ship in the River.

Well. I have heard on't; and am preparing to receive it, as fast as I can.

Luc. There's something the matter too with the Slaves, some disturbance or other; I don't know what 'tis.

Well. So much the better still: We fish in troubled Waters: We shall have fewer Eyes upon us. Pray go you home, and be ready to assist me in your Part of the Design.

Luc. I can't fail in mine.

[Exit.]

Well. The Widow has furnish'd me, I thank her, to carry it on. Now I have got a Wife, 'tis high time to think of getting a Husband. I carry my Fortune about me, a thousand Pounds in Gold and Jewels. Let me see—'Twill be a considerable Trust: And I think, I shall lay it out to advantage.

Enter Stanmore.

Stan. So *Well*don, *Jack* has told me his Success; and his hopes of marrying the Widow by your means.

Well. I have strain'd a Point, *Stanmore*, upon your account, to be serviceable to your Family.

Stan. I take it upon my Account; and am very much oblig'd to you. But here we are all in an Uproar.

Well. So they say, what's the matter?

Stan. A Mutiny among the Slaves: *Oroonoko*, is at the Head of 'em. Our Governor is gone out with his rascally Militia against 'em. What it may come to no body knows.

Well. For my part, I shall do as well as the rest: But I'm concern'd for my Sister, and Cousin, whom I expect in the Ship from *England*.

Stan. There's no danger of 'em.

Well. I have a thousand Pounds here, in Gold and Jewels, for my Cousin's use, that I would more particularly take care of; 'Tis too great a Sum to venture at home; and I would not have her wrong'd of it: Therefore, to secure it, I think my best way will be, to put it into your own keeping.

Stan. You have a very good Opinion, of my Honesty.

[*Takes the Purse and Casket.*]

Well. I have indeed; if any thing should happen to me, in this Bustle, as no body is secure of Accidents, I know you will take my Cousin into your Protection and Care.

Stan. You may be sure on't,

Well. If you hear she is dead, as she may be, then I desire you to accept of the thousand Pound, as a Legacy, and Token of my Friendship; my Sister is provided for.

Stan. Why, you amaze me: But you are never the nearer dying, I hope, for making your Will?

Well. Not a Jot; but I love to be before-hand with Fortune. If she comes safe, this is not a Place for a single Woman, you know; pray see her marry'd as soon as you can.

Stan. If she be as handsome as her Picture, I can promise her a Husband.

Well. If you like her, when you see her, I wish nothing so much as to have you marry her your self.

Stan. From what I have heard of her, and my Engagements to you, it must be her Fault, if I don't: I hope to have her from your own Hand.

Well. And I hope to give her to you, for all this.

Stan.

Stan. Ay, ay, hang these melancholy Reflections.
Your Generosity has engag'd all my Services.

Well. I always thought you worth making a Friend.

Stan. You shan't find your good Opinion thrown away upon me : I am in your Debt, and shall think so as long as I live. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Enter on one side of the Stage Oroonoko, Aboan, with the Slaves. Imoinda with a Bow and Quiver; the Women, some leading, others carrying their Children upon their Backs.

Oro. The Women, with their Children, fall behind.
Imoinda, you must not expose your self:
Retire, my Love : I almost fear for you.

Imo. I fear no Danger: Life, or Death, I will
Enjoy with you.

Oro. My Person is your Guard.

Abo. Now, Sir, blame your self : If you had not prevented my cutting his Throat, that Coward there had not discover'd us ; he comes now to upbraid you.

Enter on the other side Governor, talking to Hottman, with his Rabble.

Gov. This is the very thing I would have wish'd.
Your honest Service to the Government [*To Hottman,*
Shall be rewarded with your Liberty.

Abo. His honest Service! call it what it is,

His Villany, the Service of his Fear :

If he pretends to honest Services,

Let him stand out, and meet me, like a Man. [*Advancing.*

Oro. Hold, you : And you who come against us, hold ;
I charge you in a general Good to all,

And wish I could command you to prevent

The bloody Havock of the murdering Sword.

I would not urge Destruction uncompe'll'd :

But if you follow Fate, you find it here.

The Bounds are set, the Limits of our Lives :

Between us lies the gaping Gulph of Death,

To swallow all : Who first advances —

Enter the Captain, with his Crew.

Capt. Here, here, here they are, Governor:
What, seize upon my Ship!
Come, Boys, fall on——

[Advancing first, Oroonoko kills him.]

Oro. Thou art fall'n indeed;
Thy own Blood be upon thee.

Gov. Rest it there:
He did deserve his Death. Take him away.

[The Body remov'd.]

You see, Sir, you, and those mistaken Men
Must be our Witnesses, we do not come
As Enemies, and thirsting for your Blood.
If we desir'd your Ruin, the Revenge
Of our Companion's Death had pusht it on.
But that we over-look, in a Regard
To common Safety, and the publick Good.

Oro. Regard that publick Good: Draw off your Men,
And leave us to our Fortune: we're resolv'd.

Gov. Resolv'd, on what? your Resolutions
Are broken, overturn'd, prevented, lost:
What Fortune now can you raise out of 'em?
Nay, grant we should draw off, what can you do?
Where can you move? What more can you resolve?
Unless it be to throw your selves away.
Famine must eat you up, if you go on.
You see our Numbers could with Ease compel
What we request: And what do we request?
Only to save your Selves.

[The Women with the Children gathering about the Men.]

Oro. I'll hear no more.

Women. Hear him, hear him. He takes no care of us.

Gov. To those poor Wretches who have been seduc'd,
And led away, to all, and every one,
We offer a full Pardon——

Oro. Then fall on.

[Preparing to engage.]

Gov. Lay hold upon't, before it be too late,
Pardon and Mercy.

[The Women clinging about the Men, they leave Oroonoko, and fall upon their Faces, crying out for Pardon.]

Slaves. Pardon, Mercy, Pardon.

Oro.

Oro. Let 'em go all: Now, Governor, I see,
 I own the Folly of my Enterprize,
 The Rashness of this Action, and must blush
 Quite through this Veil of Night, a whitely Shame,
 To think I could design to make those free,
 Who were by Nature Slaves; Wretches design'd
 To be their Masters Dogs, and lick their Feet.
 Whip, whip 'em to the Knowledge of your Gods,
 Your Christian Gods, who suffer you to be
 Unjust, Dishonest, Cowardly, and Base:
 And give 'em your Excuse for being so.
 I would not live on the same Earth with Creatures,
 That only have the Faces of their Kind:
 Why should they look like Men, who are not so?
 When they put off their noble Natures, for
 The groveling Qualities of down-cast Beasts,
 I wish they had their Tails.

Abo. Then we should know 'em.

Oro. We were too few before for Victory.
 We're still enow to die. [To Imoinda, Aboan,

Enter Blandford.

Gov. Live, Royal Sir;

Live, and be happy long on your own Terms:
 Only consent to yield, and you shall have
 What Terms you can propose, for you, and yours.

Oro. Consent to yield! Shall I betray my self!

[*Gov.* Alas! we cannot fear, that your small Force,
 The Force of two, with a weak Woman's Arm,
 Should conquer us. I speak in the regard
 And honour of your Worth, in my Desire
 And Forwardness to serve so great a Man.
 I would not have it lie upon my Thoughts,
 That I was the Occasion of the Fall
 Of such a Prince, whose Courage carried on
 In a more Noble Cause, would well deserve
 The Empire of the World.

Oro. You can speak fair.

Gov. Your Undertaking, tho it would have brought
 So great a Loss to us, we must all say
 Was generous, and noble; and shall be

Regarded

Regarded only as the Fire of Youth,
That will break out sometimes in gallant Souls;
We'll think it but the natural Impulse,
A rash Impatience of Liberty:
No otherwise.

Oro. Think it what you will.
I was not born to render an Account
Of what I do, to any but my self. [Blan. comes forward.
Blan. I'm glad you have proceeded by fair means.
[To the Governor.

I came to be a Mediator.

Gov. Try what you can work upon him.

Oro. Are you come against me too?

Blan. Is this to come against you?

[Offering his Sword to Oroonoko.

Unarm'd to put my self into your Hands?

I come, I hope, to serve you.

Oro. You have serv'd me;

I thank you for't: And I am pleas'd to think
You were my Friend, while I had need of one:
But now 'tis past; this farewell, and be gone.

[Embraces him.

Blan. It is not past, and I must serve you still.

I would make up these Breaches, which the Sword
Will widen more; and close us all in Love.

Oro. I know what I have done, and I should be
A Child to think they ever can forgive:
Forgive! Were there but that, I would not live
To be forgiven: Is there a Power on Earth,
That I can ever need Forgiveness from?

Blan. You sha' not need it.

Oro. No, I wonnot need it.

Blan. You see he offers you your own Conditions,
For you, and yours.

Oro. I must Capitulate?
Precariously Compound, on stinted Terms,
To save my Life?

Blan. Sir, he imposes none.
You make 'em for your own Security.
If your great Heart cannot descend to treat,

In adverse Fortune, with an Enemy;
Yet sure, your Honour's safe, you may accept
Offers of Peace, and Safety from a Friend.

Gov. He will rely on what you say to him: [*To Blan.*
Offer him what you can, I will confirm
And make all good: Be you my Pledge of Trust.

Blan. I'll answer with my Life for all he says.

Gov. Ay, do, and pay the Forfeit if you please. [*Aside.*

Blan. Consider, Sir, can you consent to throw
That Blessing from you, you so hardly found, [*Of Imo.*
And so much valu'd once?

Oro. *Imoinda!* Oh!

'Tis she that holds me on this Argument
Of tedious Life: I could resolve it soon,
Were this curst Being only in Debate.
But my *Imoinda* struggles in my Soul:
She makes a Coward of me I confess:
I am afraid to part with her in Death;
And more afraid of Life to lose here.

Blan. This way you must lose her, think upon
The weakness of her Sex, made yet more weak
With her Condition, requiring Rest,
And soft indulging Ease, to nurse your Hopes,
And make you a glad Father.

Oro. There I feel

A Father's Fondness, and a Husband's Love.
They seize upon my Heart, strain all its Strings,
To pull me to 'em, from my stern Resolve.
Husband, and Father! All the melting Art
Of Eloquence lives in those soft'ning Names.
Methinks I see the Babe, with Infant Hands,
Pleading for Life, and begging to be born:
Shall I forbid his Birth? Deny him Light?
The Heavenly Comforts of all-cheering Light?
And make the Womb the Dungeon of his Death?
His Bleeding Mother his sad Monument?
These are the Calls of Nature, that call loud;
They will be heard, and conquer in their Cause:
He must not be a Man, who can resist 'em.
No, my *Imoinda!* I will venture all

To

To save thee, and that little Innocent:
The World may be a better Friend to him,
Than I have found it. Now I yield my self:

[Gives up his Sword.

The Conflict's past, and we are in your Hands.

[Several Men get about Oroonoko, and Aboan,
and seize them.

Gov. So you shall find you are. Dispose of them,
As I commanded you.

Blan. Good Heav'n forbid! you cannot mean ———

Gov. This is not your Concern.

[To Blandford who goes to Oroonoko.

I must take care of you.

[To Imoinda.

Imo. I'm at the end

Of all my Care: Here I will die with him. [Holding Oro.

Oro. You shall not force her from me. [He holds her.

Gov. Then I must [They force her from him.

Try other means, and conquer Force by Force:

Break, cut off his Hold, bring her away.

Imo. I do not ask to live, kill me but here.

Oro. O bloody Dogs! Inhuman Murderers!

[Imoinda forc'd out of the Door by the Governor,
and others. Oroonoko and Aboan hurried out of
another. [Exeunt.



ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Stanmore, Lucia, and Charlott.

Stan. 'T IS strange we cannot hear of him: Can
no body give an Account of him?

Luc. Nay, I begin to despair: I give him for gone.

Stan. Not so, I hope.

Luc. There are so many Disturbances in this devilish
Country! would we had never seen it.

Stan. This is but a cold Welcome for you, Madam,
after so troublesome a Voyage.

Char.

Char. A cold welcome indeed, Sir, without my Cousin *Welldon*: He was the best Friend I had in the World.

Stan. He was a very good Friend of yours indeed, Madam.

Luc. They have made him away, murder'd him for his Money, I believe; he took a considerable Sum out with him, I know that has been his Ruin.

Stan. That has done him no Injury, to my knowledge: For this Morning he put into my Custody what you speak of, I suppose, a thousand Pounds, for the use of this Lady.

Char. I was always oblig'd to him: And he has shown his Care of me, in placing my little Affairs in such honourable Hands.

Stan. He gave me a particular Charge of you, Madam, very particular, so particular, that you will be surpriz'd when I tell you.

Char. What, pray Sir?

Stan. I am engag'd to get you a Husband, I promis'd that before I saw you; and now I have seen you, you must give me leave to offer you my self.

Luc. Nay, Cousin, never be coy upon the matter: to my knowledge, my Brother always design'd you for this Gentleman.

Stan. You hear, Madam, he has given me his Interest, and 'tis the Favour I would have begg'd of him. Lord! you are so like him——

Char. That you are oblig'd to say you like me for his sake.

Stan. I should be glad to love you for your own.

Char. If I should consent to the fine Things you can say to me, how would you look at last, to find 'em thrown away upon an old Acquaintance!

Stan. An old Acquaintance!

Char. Lord, how easily are you Men to be impos'd upon! I am no Cousin newly arriv'd from *England*, not I; but the very *Welldon* you wot of,

Stan. *Welldon*!

Char. Not murdered, nor made away, as my Sister would have you believe, but am in very good Health,
your

your old Friend in Breeches that was, and now your humble Servant in Petticoats.

Stan. I'm glad we have you again. But what Service can you do me in Petticoats, pray?

Char. Can't you tell what?

Stan. Not I by my troth: I have found my Friend and lost my Mistress, it seems, which I did not expect from your Petticoats.

Char. Come, come, you have had a Friend of your Mistress long enough, 'tis high time now to have a Mistress of your Friend.

Stan. What do you say?

Char. I am a Woman, Sir.

Stan. A Woman!

Char. As arrant a Woman as you would have had me but now, I assure you.

Stan. And at my Service?

Char. If you have any for me in Petticoats.

Stan. Yes, yes, I shall find you Employment.

Char. You wonder at my Proceeding, I believe.

Stan. 'Tis a little extraordinary; indeed,

Char. I have taken some Pains to come into your Favour.

Stan. You might have had it cheaper a great deal.

Char. I might have marry'd you in the Person of my English Cousin, but could not consent to cheat you, even in the thing I had a mind to.

Stan. 'Twas done as you do every thing.

Char. I need not tell you, I made that little Plot, and carry'd it on only for this Opportunity. I was resolv'd to see whether you lik'd me as a Woman, or not: If I had found you indifferent, I would have endeavour'd to have been so too: But you say you like me, and therefore I have ventur'd to discover the Truth.

Stan. Like you! I like you so well, that I'm afraid you won't think Marriage a Proof on't: Shall I give you any other?

Char. No, no, I'm inclin'd to believe you, and that shall convince me. At more leisure I'll satisfy you how I come to be in Man's Cloaths, for no Ill I assure you,
tho

tho I have happen'd to play the Rogue in 'em: They have assisted me in marrying my Sister, and have gone a great way in befriending your Cousin Jack with the Widow. Can you forgive me for pinping for your Family?

Enter Jack Stanmore.

Stan. So, Jack, what News with you?

J. Stan. I am the Forepart of the Widow, you know; she's coming after with the Body of the Family, the young Squire in her Hand, my Son-in-Law that is to be, with the Help of Mr. Welldon.

Char. Say you so, Sir? [*Clapping Jack upon the back.*]

Enter Widow Lackitt with her Son Daniel.

Wid. So, Mrs. Lucy, I have brought him about again, I have chastis'd him, I have made him as supple as a Glove for your wearing, to pull on, or throw off, at your Pleasure. Will you ever rebel again? Will you, Sirrah? but come, come, down on your Marrow-Bones, and ask her Forgiveness. [*Daniel Kneels*] Say after me, Pray forsooth Wife.

Dan. Pray forsooth Wife.

Luc. Well, well, this is a Day of Good-nature, and so I take you into Favour: But first take the Oath of Allegiance. [*He kisses her Hand, and rises.*] If ever you do so again—

Dan. Nay marry if I do, I shall have the worst on't.

Luc. Here's a Stranger, forsooth, would be glad to be known to you, a Sister of mine, pray salute her.

[Starts at Charlott.]

Wid. Your Sister! Mrs. Lucy! what do you mean? This is your Brother, Mr. Welldon; do you think I do not know Mr. Welldon?

Luc. Have a care what you say: This Gentleman's about marrying her: You may spoil all.

Wid. Fiddle faddle, what! You would put a Trick upon me.

Char. No faith, Widow, the Trick is over, it has taken sufficiently, and now I will teach you the Trick, to prevent your being cheated another time.

Wid. How! Cheated, Mr. Welldon!

Char. Why, ay, you will always take things by the wrong Handle, I see you will have me Mr. *Welldon*: I grant you, I was Mr. *Welldon* a little while to please you, or so: But Mr. *Stanmore* here has persuaded me into a Woman again.

Wid. A Woman! pray let me speak with you [*Drawing her Aside.*] You are not in earnest, I hope! A Woman!

Char. Really a Woman.

Wid. Gads my Life! I could not be cheated in every thing: I know a Man from a Woman at these Years, or the Devil's in't. Pray, did not you marry me?

Char. You wou'd have it so.

Wid. And did not I give you a thousand Pounds this Morning?

Char. Yes indeed, 'twas more than I deserv'd: But you had your Penny-worth for your Penny, I suppose: You seem'd to be pleas'd with your Bargain.

Wid. A rare Bargain I have made on't, truly! I have laid out my Money to fine Purpose upon a Woman.

Char. You would have a Husband, and I provided for you as well as I could.

Wid. Yes, yes, you have provided for me.

Char. And you have paid me very well for't, I thank you.

Wid. 'Tis very well; I may be with Child too, for ought I know, and may go look for the Father.

Char. Nay if you think so, 'tis time to look about you indeed. Ev'n make up the Matter as well as you can, I advise you as a Friend, and let us live neighbourly and lovingly together.

Wid. I have nothing else for it, that I know now.

Char. For my part, Mrs. *Lackitt*, your thousand Pounds will engage me not to laugh at you. Then my Sister is marry'd to your Son, he is to have half your Estate, I know; and indeed they may live upon it, very comfortably to themselves, and very creditably to you.

Wid. Nay, I can blame no Body but my self.

Char. You have enough for a Husband still, and that you may bestow upon honest *Jack Stanmore*.

Wid.

Wid. Is he the Man then?

Char. He is the Man you are oblig'd to.

J. Stan. Yes, Faith, Widow, I am the Man! I have done fairly by you, you find, you know what you have to trust to before-hand.

Wid. Well, well, I see you will have me, ev'n marry me, and make an end of the Business.

Stan. Why, that's well said, now we are all agreed, and all provided for.

Enter a Servant to Stanmore.

Serv. Sir, Mr. Blandford desires you to come to him, and bring as many of your Friends as you can with you.

Stan. I come to him. You'll all go along with me. Come, young Gentleman, Marriage is the Fashion, you see, you must like it now.

Dan. If I don't, how shall I help my self?

Luc. Nay, you may hang your self in the Noose, if you please, but you'll never get out on't with struggling.

Dan. Come then, let's ev'n jog on in the old Road. Cuckold, or worse, I must be now contented: I'm not the first has marry'd, and repented. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

Enter Governor with Blandford, and Planters.

Blan. Have you no Reverence of future Fame?
No awe upon your Actions, from the Tongues,
The censuring Tongues of Men, that will be free?
If you confess Humanity, believe
There is a God, or Devil, to reward
Our Doings here: do not provoke your Fate.
The Hand of Heav'n is arm'd against these Crimes,
With hotter Thunder-Bolts, prepar'd to shoot,
And nail you to the Earth, a sad Example;
A Monument of faithless Infamy.

Enter Stanmore, J. Stanmore, Charlott, Lucy, Widow and Daniel.

So, *Stanmore*, you I know, the Women too
Will join with me: 'Tis *Oroonoko's* Cause,

A Lover's Cause, a wretched Woman's Cause,
That will become your Intercession. [*To the Women.*]

1. *Plan.* Never mind 'em, Governor; he ought to be made an Example for the good of the Plantation.

2. *Plan.* Ay, ay, 'twill frighten the Negroes from attempting the like again.

1. *Plan.* What, rise against their Lords and Masters! at this rate no Man is safe from his own Slaves.

2. *Plan.* No, no more he is. Therefore one and all, Governor, we declare for hanging.

Om. Plan. Ay, ay, hang him, hang him.

Wid. What! hang him! O! forbid it, Governor.

Char. Luc. We all petition for him.

J. Stan. They are for a Holiday; Guilty or not is not the Business, hanging is their Sport.

Blan. We are not sure, so wretched, to have these,
The Rabble, judge for us: The changing Croud;
The arbitrary Guard of Fortune's Power,
Who wait to catch the Sentence of her Frowns,
And hurry all to Ruin she condemns.

Stan. So far from farther Wrong, that 'tis a shame
He should be where he is: Good Governor,
Order his Liberty: He yielded up
Himself, his all, at your Discretion.

Blan. Discretion! no, he yielded on your Word;
And I am made the cautionary Pledge,
The Gage, and Hostage of your keeping it.
Remember, Sir, he yielded on your Word;
Your Word! which honest Men will think should be
The last Resort of Truth, and Trust on Earth:
There's no Appeal beyond it, but to Heav'n:
An Oath is a Recognisance to Heav'n,
Binding us over, in the Courts above,
To plead to the Indictment of our Crimes:
That those who 'scape this World should suffer there.
But in the common Intercourse of Men,
(Where the dread Majesty is not invoc'd,
His Honour not immediately concern'd,
Not made a Party in our Interests)
Our Word is all to be rely'd upon.

Wid.

Wid. Come, come, you'll be as good as your Word, we know.

Stan. He's out of all Power of doing any harm now, if he were dispos'd to it.

Char. But he is not dispos'd to it.

Blan. To keep him, where he is, will make him soon Find out some desperate way to Liberty:
He'll hang himself, or dash out his mad Brains.

Char. Pray try him by gentle Means: We'll all be Sureties for him.

Om. All, all.

Luc. We will all answer for him now.

Gov. Well, you will have it so, do what you please, just what you will with him, I give you leave. *[Exit.]*

Blan. We thank you Sir; this way, pray come with me. *[Exeunt.]*

The SCENE drawn shews Oroonoko upon his Back, his Legs and Arms stretcht out, and chain'd to the Ground.

Enter Blandford, Stanmore, &c.

Blan. O miserable Sight! help every one,
Assist me all to 'free him from his Chains.
[They help him up, and bring him forward, looking down.]
Most injur'd Prince! how shall we clear our selves?
We cannot hope you will vouchsafe to hear,
Or credit what we say in the Defence,
And Cause of our suspected Innocence.

Stan. We are not guilty of your Injuries,
No way consenting to 'em; but abhor,
Abominate, and loath this Cruelty.

Blan. It is our Curse, but make it not our Crime;
A heavy Curse upon us, that we must
Share any thing in common, ev'n the Light,
The Elements and Seasons, with such Men,
Whose Principles, like the fam'd Dragon's Teeth,
Scatter'd, and sown, would shoot a Harvest up
Of fighting Mischiefs, to confound themselves,
And ruin all about 'em.

Stan. Profligates!

Whose bold *Titanian* Impiety
Would once again pollute their Mother Earth,
Force her to teem with her old monstrous Brood
Of Giants, and forget the Race of Men.

Blan. We are not so: Believe us innocent.
We come prepar'd with all our Services,
To offer a Redress of your base Wrongs.
Which way shall we employ 'em?

Stan. Tell us, Sir,
If there is any thing that can atone;
But nothing can; that may be some amends——
Oro. If you would have me think you are not all
Confederates, all accessory to
The base Injustice of your Governor:
If you would have me live, as you appear
Concern'd for me; if you would have me live
To thank, and bless you, there is yet a way
To tie me ever to your honest Love:
Bring my *Imoinda* to me; give me her,
To charm my Sorrows, and, if possible,
I'll sit down with my Wrongs; never to rise
Against my Fate, or think of Vengeance more.

Blan. Be satisfy'd, you may depend upon us,
We'll bring her safe to you, and suddenly.

Char. We wonnot leave you in so good a Work.

Wid. No, no, we'll go with you.

Blan. In the mean time
Endeavour to forget, Sir, and forgive;
And hope a better Fortune.

[*Exeunt.*

Oroonoko alone.

Oro. Forget! forgive! I must indeed forget,
When I forgive: But while I am a Man,
In Flesh, that bears the living Marks of Shame,
The Print of his dishonourable Chains,
My Memory still rousing up my Wrongs,
I never can forgive this Governor,
This Villain; the disgrace of Trust, and Place,
And just Contempt of delegated Power.
What shall I do? If I declare my self,

I know him, he will sneak behind his Guard
 Of Followers, and brave me in his Fears,
 Else, Lion-like, with my devouring Rage,
 I would rush on him, fasten on his Throat,
 Tear a wide Passage to his treacherous Heart,
 And that way lay him open to the World, [Pausing.
 If I should turn his Christian Arts on him,
 Promise him, speak him fair, flatter, and creep,
 With fawning Steps, to get within his Faith,
 I could betray him then, as he has me.
 But am I sure by that to right my self?
 Lying's a certain Mark of Cowardice:
 And when the Tongue forgets its Honesty,
 The Heart and Hand may drop their Functions too,
 And nothing worthy be resolv'd, or done.
 The Man must go together, bad, or good:
 In one Part frail, he soon grows weak in all.
 Honour shou'd be concern'd in Honour's Cause,
 That is not to be cur'd by Contraries,
 As Bodies are, whose Health is often drawn
 From rankest Poisons. Let me but find out
 An honest Remedy, I have the Hand,
 A ministring Hand, that will apply it home. [Exit.

SCENE, *The Governor's House.*

Enter Governor.

Gov. I would not have her tell me, she consents;
 In favour of the Sex's Modesty,
 That still should be presum'd, because there is
 A greater Impudence in owning it,
 Than in allowing all that we can do.
 This Truth I know, and yet against my self,
 (So unaccountable are Lover's ways)
 I talk, and lose the Opportunities,
 Which Love, and she, expects I should employ:
 Ev'n she expects: For when a Man has said
 All that is fit, to save the Decency,
 The Women know the rest is to be done.
 I wonnot disappoint her. [Going.
 Enter

Enter to him Blandford, the Stanmores, Daniel, Mrs. Lackitt, Charlott, and Lucy.

Wid. O Governor! I'm glad we have lit upon you.

Gov. Why! what's the Matter?

Char. Nay, nothing extraordinary. But one good Action draws on another. You have given the Prince his Freedom: Now we come a begging for his Wife: You won't refuse us.

Gov. Refuse you. No, no, what have I to do to refuse you?

Wid. You won't refuse to send her to him, she means.

Gov. I send her to him!

Wid. We have promis'd him to bring her.

Gov. You do very well; 'tis kindly done of you:

Ev'n carry her to him, with all my Heart.

Luc. You must tell us where she is.

Gov. I tell you! why don't you know?

Blan. Your Servants say she's in the House.

Gov. No, no, I brought her home at first indeed; but I thought it would not look well to keep her here: I remov'd her in the hurry, only to take care of her. What! she belongs to you: I have nothing to do with her.

Char. But where is she now, Sir?

Gov. Why, Faith, I can't say certainly: You'll hear of her at *Parham* House, I suppose: There, or thereabouts: I think I sent her there.

Blan. I'll have an Eye on him.

[*Aside.*

[*Exeunt all but the Governor.*

Gov. I have ly'd my self into a little Time,
And must employ it: They'll be hear again;
But I must be before 'em.

[*Going out, he meets Imoinda, and seizes her.*

Are you come?

I'll court no longer for a Happiness

That is in mine own keeping: You may still

Refuse to grant, so I have Power to take.

The Man that asks deserves to be deny'd.

[*She disengages one Hand, and draws his Sword from his Side upon him, Governor starts and retires, Blandford enter behind him.*

Ima.

Imo. He does indeed, that asks unworthily.

Blan. You hear her, Sir, that asks unworthily.

Gov. You are no Judge.

Blan. I am of my own Slave.

Gov. Be gone, and leave us.

Blan. When you let her go.

Gov. To fasten upon you.

Blan. I must defend my self.

Imo. Help, Murder, help.

[*Imoinda retreats towards the Door, favour'd by Blandford; when they are clos'd, she throws down the Sword, and runs out. Governor takes up his Sword, they fight close, and fall, Blandford upon him. Servants enter, and part 'em.*

Gov. She shannot 'scape me so. I've gone too far,
Not to go farther. Curse on my delay:
But yet she is, and shall be in my Power.

Blan. Nay then it is the War of Honesty;
I know you, and will save you from your self.

Gov. All come along with me.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE the last.

Enter Oroonoko.

Oro. To Honour bound! and yet a Slave to Love!

I am distracted by their rival Powers,

And both will be obey'd. O great Revenge!

Thou Raifer and Restorer of faln Fame!

Let me not be unworthy of thy Aid,

For stopping in thy Course: I still am thine;

But can't forget I am *Imoinda's* too.

She calls me from my Wrongs to rescue her.

No Man condemn me, who has never felt

A Woman's Pow'r, or try'd the Force of Love;

All Tempers yield, and soften in those Fires;

Our Honours, Interests resolving down,

Run in the gentle Current of our Joys;

But not to sink, and drown our Memory;

We mount again to Action, like the Sun,

That rises from the Bosom of the Sea,

To

To run his glorious Race of Light anew,
And carry on the World. Love, Love will be
My first Ambition, and my Fame the next.

Enter Aboan bloody.

My Eyes are turn'd against me, and combine
With my sworn Enemies, to represent
This Spectacle of Horror. *Aboan!*
My ever faithful Friend!

Abo. I have no Name,
That can distinguish me from the vile Earth,
To which I'm going: A poor abject Worm,
That crawl'd a while upon a bustling World,
And now am trampled to my Dust again.

Oro. I see thee gasht, and mangled.

Abo. Spare my Shame,
To tell how they have us'd me: But believe
The Hangman's Hand would have been merciful.
Do not you scorn me, Sir, to think I can
Intend to live under this Infamy.
I do not come for Pity, to complain.
I've spent an honourable Life with you,
The earliest Servant of your rising Fame,
And would attend it with my latest Care:
My Life was yours, and so shall be my Death,
You must not live.

Bending and sinking, I have dragg'd my Steps
Thus far, to tell you that you cannot live:
To warn you of those ignominious Wrongs,
Whips, Rods, and all the Instruments of Death,
Which I have felt, and are prepar'd for you.

This was the Duty that I had to pay.
'Tis done, and now I beg to be discharg'd.

Oro. What shall I do for thee?

Abo. My Body tires,
And wonnot bear me off to Liberty:
I shall again be taken, made a Slave.
A Sword, a Dagger yet would rescue me.
I have not Strength to go to find out Death,
You must direct him to me.

Oro. Here he is, [Gives him a Dagger.]
 The only Present I can make thee now :
 And next the honourable means of Life,
 I would bestow the honest means of Death.

Abo. I cannot stay to thank you. If there is
 A Being after this, I shall be yours
 In the next World, your faithful Slave again.
 This is to try [*Stabs himself*] I had a living Sense
 Of all your royal Favours, but this last
 Strikes thro' my Heart. I wonnot say farewell,
 For you must follow me.

[Dies.]

Oro. In Life, and Death,
 The Guardian of my Honour! Follow thee!
 I should have gone before thee: Then perhaps
 Thy Fate had been prevented. All his Care
 Was to preserve me from the barbarous Rage
 That worry'd him, only for being mine.
 Why, why, you Gods! why am I so accurst,
 That it must be a Reason of your Wrath,
 A Guilt, a Crime sufficient to the Fate
 Of any one, but to belong to me?
 My Friend has found it, and my Wife will soon:
 My Wife! the very Fear's too much for Life:
 I can't support it. Where? Imoinda! Oh!

[Going out, she meets him, running into his Arms.]

Thou Bosom Softness! Down of all my Cares!
 I could recline my Thoughts upon this Breast
 To a Forgetfulness of all my Griefs,
 And yet be happy: But it wonnot be.
 Thou art disorder'd, pale, and out of Breath!
 If Fate pursues thee, find a Shelter here.
 What is it thou would'st tell me?

Imo. 'Tis in vain to call him Villain.

Oro. Call him Governor: Is it not so?

Imo. There's not another sure.

Oro. Villain's the common Name of Mankind here,
 But his most properly. What! what of him?
 I fear to be resolv'd, and must enquire.
 He had thee in his Power.

Imo, I blush to think it.

Oro. Blush! to think what?

Imo. That I was in his Power.

Oro. He cou'd not use it?

Imo. What can't such Men do?

Oro. But did he? durst he?

Imo. What he cou'd, he dar'd.

Oro. His own Gods damn him then! For ours have none,
No Punishment for such unheard of Crime.

Imo. This Monster, cunning in his Flatteries,
When he had weary'd all his useless Arts,
Leapt out, fierce as a Beast of Prey, to seize me.
I trembled, fear'd.

Oro. I fear, and tremble now.

What cou'd preserve thee? What deliver thee?

Imo. That worthy Man, you us'd to call your Friend—

Oro. Blandford.

Imo. Came in, and sav'd me from his Rage.

Oro. He was a Friend indeed to rescue thee!

And for his sake, I'll think it possible
A Christian may be yet an honest Man.

Imo. O! did you know what I have struggled thro',
To save me yours, sure you would promise me
Never to see me forc'd from you again.

Oro. To promise thee! O! do I need to promise?
But there is now no farther use of Words.

Death is Security for all our Fears.

[*Shows Aboan's Body on the Floor.*]

And yet I cannot trust him.

Imo. Aboan!

Oro. Mangled and torn, resolv'd to give me time
To fit my self for what I must expect,
Groan'd out a Warning to me, and expir'd.

Imo. For what you must expect?

Oro. Would that were all.

Imo. What! to be butcher'd thus—

Oro. Just as thou see'st.

Imo. By barbarous Hands, to fall at last their Prey!

Oro. I have run the Race with Honour, shall I now
Lag, and be overtaken at the Goal?

Imo. No.

Oro.

Oro. I must look back to thee.

[*Tenderly.*

Imo. You shannot need.

I'm always present to your purpose, say,
Which way would you dispose me?

Oro. Have a care,

Thou'rt on a Precipice, and dost not see
Whither that Question leads thee. O! too soon
Thou dost enquire what the assembled Gods
Have not determin'd, and will latest doom.
Yet this I know of Fate, this is most certain,
I cannot as I would, dispose of thee;

And, as I ought, I dare not. Oh *Imoinda*!

Imo. Alas! that Sigh! why do you tremble so?
Nay, then 'tis bad indeed, if you can weep.

Oro. My Heart runs over, if my gushings Eyes
Betray a weakness which they never knew,
Believe, thou only, thou could'st cause these Tears:
The Gods themselves conspire with faithless Men
To our Destruction.

Imo. Heav'n and Earth our Foes!

Oro. It is not always granted to the Great,
To be most happy: If the angry Pow'rs
Repent their Favours, let 'em take 'em back:
The hopes of Empire, which they gave my Youth,
By making me a Prince I here resign.
Let 'em quench in me all those glorious Fires,
Which kindled at their Beams: That Lust of Fame,
That Fever of Ambition, restless still,
And burning with the sacred thirst of Sway,
Which they inspir'd, to qualify my Fate,
And makes me fit to govern under them,
Let 'em extinguish. I submit my self
To their high Pleasure, and devoted bow
Yet lower, to continue still a Slave;
Hopeless of Liberty: And if I could
Live after it, would give up Honour too,
To satisfy their Vengeance, to avert
This only Curse, the curse of losing thee.

Imo. If Heav'n could be appeas'd, these cruel Men
Are not to be entreated or believ'd:

O! think on that, and be no more deceiv'd.

Oro. What can we do?

Imo. Can I do any thing?

Oro. But we were born to suffer.

Imo. Suffer both,

Both die, and so prevent 'em.

Oro. By thy Death!

O! let me hunt my travell'd Thoughts again;

Range the wide waste of desolate Despair;

Start any Hope. Alas! I lose my self,

'Tis pathless, dark, and barren all to me.

Thou art my only Guide, my Light of Life,

And thou art leaving me: Send out thy Beams

Upon the Wing; let 'em fly all around,

Discover every way: Is there a dawn,

A glimmering of Comfort? The great God,

That rises on the World, must shine on us.

Imo. And see us set before him.

Oro. Thou bespeak'st,

And goest before me.

Imo. So I would in Love,

In the dear unsuspected Part of Life,

In death for Love. Alas! what hopes for me?

I was preserv'd but to acquit my self,

To beg to die with you.

Oro. And can'st thou ask it?

I never durst inquire into my self

About thy Fate, and thou resolv'st it all.

Imo. Alas! my Lord! my Fate's resolv'd in yours.

Oro. O! keep thee there: Let not thy Virtue shrink

From my Support, and I will gather Strength,

Fast as I can, to tell thee ———

Imo. I must die:

I know 'tis fit, and I can die with you.

Oro. O! thou has banish'd hence a thousand Fears,
Which sickned at my Heart, and quite unman'd me.

Imo. Your Fear's for me, I know you fear'd my Strength,
And could not overcome your Tendernefs,
To pass this Sentence on me: And indeed
There you were kind, as I have always found you,

As

As you have ever been : For tho I am
 Resign'd, and ready to obey my Doom,
 Methinks it should not be pronounc'd by you.

Oro. O ! that was all the Labour of my Grief.
 My Heart, and Tongue forsook me in the strife :
 I never could pronounce it.

Imo. I have for you, for both of us.

Oro. Alas! for me! my Death
 I could regard as the last Scene of Life,
 And act it thro' with Joy, to have it done.
 But then to part with thee —

Imo. 'Tis hard to part.

But parting thus, as the most happy must,
 Parting in Death, makes it the easier.
 You might have thrown me off, forsaken me,
 And my Misfortunes : That had been a Death
 Indeed of Terror, to have trembled at.

Oro. Forsaken! thrown thee off!

Imo. But 'tis a Pleasure more than Life can give,
 That with unconquer'd Passion to the last,
 You struggle still, and fain would hold me to you.

Oro. Ever, ever, and let those Stars, which are my
 Enemies,

Witness against me in the other World,
 If I would leave this Mansion of my Bliss,
 To be the brightest Ruler of their Skies.
 O ! that we cou'd incorporate, be one, [*Embracing her,*
 One Body, as we have been long one Mind;
 That blended so, we might together mix
 And losing thus our Being to the World,
 Be only found to one another's Joys.

Imo. Is this the way to part?

Oro. Which is the way?

Imo. The God of Love is blind, and cannot find it.
 But quick, make haste, our Enemies have Eyes
 To find us out, and shew us the worst way
 Of parting : Think on them.

Oro. Why dost thou wake me?

Imo. O! no more of Love.
 For if I listen to you, I shall quite

Forget my Dangers, and desire to live.

I can't live yours.

[*Takes up the Dagger.*]

Oro. There all the Stings of Death
Are shot into my Heart — what shall I do?

Imo. This Dagger will instruct you. [*Gives it him.*]

Oro. Ha! this Dagger!

Like Fate, it points me to the horrid Deed.

Imo. Strike, strike it home, and bravely save us both.
There is no other Safety.

Oro. It must be —

But first a dying Kiss —

[*Kisses her.*]

This last Embrace —

[*Embracing her.*]

And now —

Imo. I'm ready.

Oro. O! where shall I strike?

Is there a smallest Grain of that lov'd Body
That is not dearer to me than my Eyes,
My Bosom'd Heart, and all the Life-Blood there?
Bid me cut off these Limbs, hew off these Hands,
Dig out these Eyes, tho I would keep them last
To gaze upon thee: But to murder thee!
The Joy, and Charm of every ravish'd Sense,
My Wife! forbid it Nature.

Imo. 'Tis your Wife,

Who on her Knees conjures you. O! in time
Prevent those Mischiefs that are falling on us.
You may be hurry'd to a shameful Death,
And I too dragg'd to the vile Governor;
Then I may cry aloud: When you are gone,
Where shall I find a Friend again to save me?

Oro. It will be so. Thou unexampled Virtue!
Thy Resolution has recover'd mine:
And now prepare thee.

Imo. Thus with open Arms,
I welcome you, and Death.

[*He drops his Dagger as he looks on her, and throws himself on the Ground.*]

Oro. I cannot bear it.

O let me dash against this Rock of Fate,
Dig up this Earth, tear, tear her Bowels out,

To

To make a Grave, deep as the Center down,
To swallow wide, and bury us together.

It wonnot be. O! then some pitying God
(If there be one a Friend to Innocence)

Find yet a way to lay her Beauties down
Gently in Death, and save me from her Blood.

Imo. O rise, 'tis more than Death to see you thus.
I'll ease your Love, and do the Deed my self——

[She takes up the Dagger, he rises in haste to take it from her.]

Oro. O! hold, I charge thee, hold.

Imo. Tho I must own
It would be nobler for us both from you.

Oro. O! for a Whirlwind's Wing to hurry us
To yonder Cliff, which frowns upon the Flood:
That in Embraces lockt we might plunge in,
And perish thus in one anothers Arms.

Imo. Alas! what Shout is that?

Oro. I see 'em coming.
They shannot over take us. This last Kiss,
And now farewell.

Imo. Farewel, farewell for ever.

Oro. I'll turn my Face away, and do it so.
Now, are you ready?

Imo. Now. But do not grudge me
The Pleasure in my Death of a last Look:
Pray look upon me—Now I'm satisfied.

Oro. So Fate must be by this.

*[Going to stab her, he stops short; she lays her Hand
on his, in order to give the blow.]*

Imo. Nay, then I must assist you.
And since it is the common Cause of both,
'Tis just that both should be employ'd in it.
Thus, thus 'tis finisht, and I bleis my Fate. *[Stabs herself.]*
That where I liv'd, I die, in these lov'd Arms. *[Dies.]*

Oro. She's gone. And now all's at an end with me,
Soft, lay her down, O we will part no more.
[Throws himself by her.]

But let me pay the Tribute of my Grief,
A few sad Tears to thy lov'd Memory,

And then I follow——

[Weeps over her.

But I stay too long.

[A Noise again.

The noise comes nearer. Hold, before I go.

There's something would be done. It shall be so.

And then, Imoinda, I'll come all to thee.

[Rises.

Blandford, and his Party, enter before the Governor and
his Party, Swords drawn on both sides.

Gov. You strive in vain to save him, he shall die.

Blan. Not while we can defend him with our Lives.

Gov. Where is he?

Oro. Here's the Wretch whom you would have.

Put up your Swords, and let not civil Broils

Engage you in the cursed Cause of one

Who cannot live, and now intreats to die.

This Object will convince you.

Blan. 'Tis his Wife!

[They gather about the Body.

Alas! there was no other Remedy.

Gov. Who did the bloody Deed?

Oro. The Deed was mine:

Bloody I know it is, and I expect

Your Laws should tell me so. Thus self-condemn'd,

I do resign my self into your Hands,

The Hands of Justice——But I hold the Sword

For you——and for my self.

[Stabs the Governor, and himself, then throws
himself by Imoinda's Body.

Stan. He has kill'd the Governor, and stab'd himself.

Oro. 'Tis as it should be now. I have sent his Ghost
To be a Witness of that Happiness

In the next World, which he deny'd us here.

[Dies.

Blan. I hope there is a Place of Happiness

In the next World for such exalted Virtue.

Pagan or Unbeliever, yet he liv'd

To all he knew: And if he went astray,

There's Mercy still above to set him right.

But Christians guided by the Heav'nly Ray,

Have no Excuse if we mistake our Way. [Exeunt Omnes.



EPILOGUE,

Written by Mr. Congreve, and Spoken
by Mrs. Verbruggen.

YOU see we try all Shapes, and Shifts, and Arts,
To tempt your Favours, and regain your Hearts.
We weep, and laugh, join Mirth and Grief together,
Like Rain and Sunshine mixt, in April Weather.
Your different Tastes divide our Poet's Cares:
One Foot the Sock, t'other the Buskins wears.
Thus while he strives to please, he's forc'd to do't,
Like Volscius, hip-hop, in a single Boot.
Criticks, he knows, for this may damn his Books:
But he makes Feasts for Friends, and not for Cooks.
Tho Errant-Knights of late no Favour find,
Sure you will be to Ladies-Errant kind.
To follow Fame, Knights-Errant make profession:
We Damsels fly, to save our Reputation:
So they their Valour shew, we our Discretion.
To Lands of Monsters, and fierce Beasts they go:
We, to those Islands, where rich Husbands grow:
Tho they're no Monsters, we may make 'em so.
If they're of English growth, they'll bear't with Patience
But save us from a Spouse of Oroonoko's Nations!
Then bless your Stars, you happy London Wives,
Who love at large, each Day, yet keep your Lives!
Nor envy poor Imoinda's doating Blindness,
We thought her Husband kill'd her out of Kindness.

Death

*Death with a Husband ne'er had shewn such Charms,
Had she once dy'd within a Lover's Arms.*

Her Error was from Ignorance proceeding :

Poor Sont! she wanted some of our Town-Breeding.

Forgive this Indian's Fondness of her Spouse ;

Their Law no Christian Liberty allows :

Alas ! they make a Conscience of their Vows !

If Virtue in a Heathen be a Fault ;

Then damn the Heathen School, where she was taught.

She might have learn'd to Cuckold, Filt, and Sham,

Had Covent-Garden been in Surinam.



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